

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, July 26, 1936



Seven Types of American Girls - No. 2 - Sophistication Painted for This Page
by Zoe Mozart

Pictures Of "Other World Monsters" By An Artist In A Trance



Below—This Fellow, From the Un-
known World, Probably Is a Not-Too-
Distant Relative of Satan, for There
is an Unmistakable Family Resem-
blance, Emphasized by the Bat Wings.

This Unlovely Creature Was Among the First to
Materialize in the Entranced Mind of K. Beloh-
radsky, the Czechoslovakian Painter, and Suggests
a Composite of a Snake, Human Being
and Serpent.

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia.
IF K. Belohradsky, known from one
end of this country to the other for
his paintings of landscapes and of
flowers, were a drinking man it might
be a simple matter to explain why he
has "epilepsy" during which he turns out
such sketches as those shown on this
page.

The artistic monstrosi-
ties, with serpentine
bodies, goggle eyes, fangs,
horns and such fantastic odds and
ends are not, the painter swears, the
unpleasant and appalling results of
overindulgence in ardent spirits. If
they were he'd just go "on the wagon"
and everything would be all right.
Every now and again Mr. Belohrad-
sky awakes into a trance-like state
and while he's sunk in these stupors



The Chinese Monster Motif Arrives With This Mater-
ial Semblance of a Human Octopus, If Such a Cre-
ature Can Be Visualized.

he feels the urge to draw—not some
thing, but a simple representation of pleasant
and simple representations of pleasant

This Beast Is Probably a Contortionist.
But Then All His Fellow Beings Might
Just as Well Be.



hills and val-
leys and vases
of flowers but
grotesque
characters
that whirl
through his

All of the "other world" sketches
have a common characteristic—their
dragon-like tails. None of the figures
ever have legs and if they are endowed
with arms the hands usually are stum-
ped and the fingers have sharp claws.
"Most people who see these sketches
are revolted by them," says the artist,
"and I don't wonder that they are. I



The Beak of a Predatory Bird, the Wings of a
Bat and an Armored Body Combine to Suggest
a Perfectly Satisfactory Nightmare.

feel the same way about the pictures
and, in time, I believe I'll be able to
stop performing such crazy tricks with
my pencil."
I have taken my problem to several
alien psychiatrists who assure me that
I am of sound mind and that my trou-
ble is an understandable one. It is
their belief that my imagination works
overtime and breaks out in this strange
way when I become tired.

Killed the Father, Loved the Mother, and Then Made Restitution to the Daughter

BUCHAREST.
THE good people of the little village of Oroshei, some
150 miles to the north and east of this city, are still
talking about the fairy-tale-come-true of which 20-
year-old Julia Dimitriu is the modest and somewhat con-
fused heroine.

When she was a little pig-tailed girl of five, Julia's
mother died and she was taken into the home of well-to-do-
neighbors to help with the housework and thus earn her
keep. The other day the postman brought a letter with
a strange looking postmark on it to the young woman and
when she had finished reading it she realized that she is one
of the richest girls in the little Transylvanian hamlet.

Julia's mistress, who never had told the girl the full
story of the tragedy which made her an orphan, found it
necessary to relate details that were not pleasant in order
to explain why Julia was coming into the Rumanian equiv-
alent of \$15,000—a fortune in Oroshei. As delicately as
possible the woman informed the girl that she suddenly had
inherited a small fortune because her father was murdered.

The story behind Julia Dimitriu's good fortune goes
back almost 20 years ago when she was a babe in arms.
And it's the sort of story that lends weight to the saying
that truth is stranger than fiction. It seems that Eugen
Dimitriu, a struggling young farmer, took one of his rare
nights out to go to the village inn with his life-long friend,
Marc Nichol. Nichol had become engaged to one of the
coquettes of the village belles and was in a mood to cele-
brate. One bottle of wine followed another until both he
and Dimitriu were maudlin drunk.

As the story goes Julia's father began to worry about
leaving his wife and baby daughter alone so long. He announced that he had
enough and was going home. Nichol, angered that his friend
was leaving him, followed him.



The Last
Photograph
Ever Taken
of Eugen
Dimitriu.



Julia Dimitriu, Who Gets \$15,000 Years After the Unfortunate
Accident Which Made Her an Orphan.

Hot words
followed. Dimi-
triu struck
Nichol across
the face. Nichol
pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot
his best friend through the heart.

All this was news to the grown-up Julia—and so was
the fact that she was the only child of the murdered man.

Wears Her Stamp Collection

NONE of the country's serious-minded philatelists
would think of adopting the interesting method of
collecting stamps which has won considerable pub-
licity for Miss Effie Curtis, a post-office worker in Star
City, Indiana.



Miss Effie Curtis, of Star City, Indiana, Whose Stamp Col-
lection Is Made Into a Dress, Which She Is Shown Wearing.

The Best Way To Talk into Your Telephone

PROBABLY the people of this country
are unaware of the fact that
at least half of us don't know
how to use the telephone correctly. In
some cases subscribers have a tendency
to shout and others err in the opposite
direction and don't talk loud enough.
But the common error of telephone
users is their habit of putting the
mouthpieces much too far away from
their faces.

Not long ago D. H. Townsend, man-
ager of the Churchill County Telephone
and Telegraph System, with headquar-
ters at Fallon, Nevada, decided to try
educating his patrons in the correct
use of the telephone. Being a tactful
fellow he did not complain against
carelessness and stupidity; he printed
the sketches at the right in the "phone
directory and, since then, life has been
much easier for the girls in the central
office.

Along with the drawings was a series
of explanatory captions the sense
of which was this: "The nearer the
lips the clearer the speech." The cap-
tions explained that when the lips are
six inches away from the transmitter
—and a lot of people carry on tele-
phone conversations further than this
away from the instrument—the power
of the transmitter is decreased 320
times.

Even at a distance of three inches from the
mouthpiece the results are only fair, and the
listener at the other end of the line can't help hav-
ing some trouble in understanding all that is being
said. At a distance of one inch from the trans-
mitter the results, according to the publicity in the
Nevada telephone book, are only fair, and the user
should get in the habit of placing his mouth very
close to the instrument—half an inch or so from it.

"That's not all there is to getting maximum re-
sults from a commonplace 'miracle' of science
that has done so much to speed up life all over the
world, a device that few people
imagine they use inefficiently. With the mouth
very close to the transmitter the user should
remember to speak slowly and clearly in a
moderate and even tone of
voice."

"If people would just fol-
low these simple instructions," say engineers
whose job it is to maintain good telephone

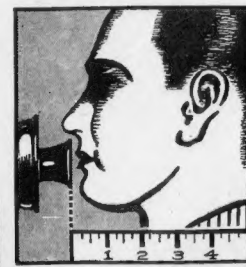
service, "they'd save themselves a lot
of valuable time and, in making long-
distance calls, considerable money."

The sketches reproduced on this
page show the proper use of the tele-
phone so plainly that they were re-
printed in "Telephone," a publication
edited especially for those engaged in the
industry.

That's not all there is to getting maximum re-
sults from a commonplace "miracle" of science
that has done so much to speed up life all over the
world, a device that few people
imagine they use inefficiently. With the mouth
very close to the transmitter the user should
remember to speak slowly and clearly in a
moderate and even tone of
voice."



This Is a Better Way. One Inch
From the Mouthpiece Gives Only Fair
Clarity.



The Right Way Is to Speak With the Lips
Close to the Telephone. Experts Have Found
That This Gives the Best Results.

These Drawings, Reproduced in a Nevada
Telephone Directory, Were a District Man-
ager's Plain and Tactful Way of Telling
Subscribers That Many of Them Do Not Yet
Know How to Use the Telephone Efficiently.
Results Were Immediate and Definite
and Simplified the Work of the Op-
erators. While Saving the Time of the
People Whose Calls They Handle.

Nerve Expert Cattanch's Nervous Married Life

Love Apparently Makes Even a Doctor Blind, for He Seems to Have Missed Any Symptom in His Second Bride to Forewarn Him of What Was to Make Her

(According to His Testimony) Perfectly Awful After Marriage

PSYCHOLOGIST

The First Mrs. Cattanch, Being Assisted Into an Automobile After an Uncomfortable Day in Court.

LOVE must make a doctor blind, just as it does everyone else, so that he cannot see ominous symptoms. Otherwise how was it possible, according to his own statement, that Dr. George S. Cattanch, eminent neurologist of the New York Presbyterian Hospital, made such a painfully wrong romantic diagnosis of his second wife before proposing to her?

Nobody knows better than a nerve specialist like Dr. Cattanch the disadvantages of a wife so nervously unstrung that, according to his story, she had such unpleasant delusions as thinking he was being intimate with his first wife and that a nice respectable lady friend of his was "a trollop."

The lady was a pillar of Dr. Henry Emerson Fodick's fashionable New York Riverside Church, and when Mrs. Cattanch shouted that incorrect moral diagnosis at her right out in the church it gave the doctor a severe shock.

But even worse than this church scene was another in front of a well-known restaurant. Dr. Cattanch describes this in his complaint so concisely and picturesquely that to use other than his own words would be "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily," as Shakespeare says. Quoting Cattanch:

"On July 25, 1934, as my former wife and I were about to enter the Savarin Restaurant, at Lexington Avenue and Fifth Street, she masqueraded as a disheveled old lady (looking very much like a picture-book witch), her face streaked with dirt, her hair knotty, safety pins holding her dress together, wearing dirty turned shoes and an old battered hat with an ugly veil, roughly seized my arm and screamed, 'You can't do that,' and further shrieked 'At last I've found you! Now I've got you! I have been waiting for you for a long time!' with the result that a crowd soon gathered, to the great embarrassment of my former wife and myself. On that occasion she continued to shout, accusing me of living with other women, of being stingy, a failure as a physician, a failure in life, that she would kill me and my former wife some day after she had ruined us both and 'exposed our sins to the world.'"

Of course an ordinary untrained layman would not be expected to recognize the hidden condition that blossomed so embarrassingly in a lady with her best foot forward toward the altar, and it would hardly be gallant to call in a nerve specialist like Dr. Cattanch to test the soundness of her central nervous system. But Dr. Cattanch was in the fortunate position of being able to observe her, without offense or her even knowing it.

If he did so, he must have been afflicted with a nervous disorder, known as psychic blindness, in which the patient cannot see anything he does not want to see. Marriage is evidently good medicine for this ailment because it seems to have effected a prompt cure. The second wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Cattanch, in her suit for separation, indicates that he made a new diagnosis

of her in which she says he pronounced her "a paranoiac."

Had she gone to a strange specialist and paid him \$25 for that opinion, it would have been all right but not from her expert husband who gave it to her free. If Dr. Cattanch's second diagnosis is the correct one, what a sad mistake he made on the first one.

Elizabeth's theory might be that the doctor was right the first time, even if they were both crazy about each other just then. Dr. Cattanch himself seems to have suffered from one delusion, but that, too, has been cured. In his answer to Elizabeth's suit, he says that she persuaded him to divorce his first wife, Ruth Cattanch, on the promise that Elizabeth, who has independent means, would chip in enough so he could pay the agreed monthly alimony of \$200 a month, which otherwise he would not be able to afford.

A man does not need to be a neurologist to know that few women give up real money every month for the benefit of another woman without exhibiting the most distressing nervous symptoms, but the doctor seems to have thought everything would be lovely.

The former Mrs. Cattanch, and their nine-year-old son, wanted to continue to eat regularly and she demanded to see the doctor about why the checks did not arrive. There had to be many meetings with Ruth, who grew more indignant and indignant, as time passed, unprofitably.

Elizabeth jumped to the conclusion or delusion (according to Ruth and the

doctor) that these purely financial reasons were the resuscitation of a supposedly dead love. To make Elizabeth understand that she isn't that kind of a girl Ruth has brought a slander suit against her for \$100,000, or more than forty-one year's worth of the alimony she didn't get.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cattanch's complaint asserts that they were married in Washington, D. C., on March 18, 1933. Apparently they lived happily until about the first of the next month, because she goes on to say that from April, 1933 to September, 1934, Dr. Cattanch treated her in a cruel and inhuman manner and that his conduct toward her was such as to make it unsafe and improper to be intimate with him and that he then abandoned her.

Among the alleged cruelties, she asserts, was performing on her an illegal operation, which she says caused her great mental and physical anguish. While suffering mentally and physically, she asserts that he neglected and abused her, which was not the right treatment for anything that is the matter with a wife.

"On several occasions between August, 1933, and September, 1934," she says, "he stated to me that he did not love me, that he wished I would return to my former home in Baltimore, Md., and that his former wife and son would move into the apartment where we resided."

When Elizabeth failed to act on this alleged suggestion, the household seems to have gone on an insanity basis. He says Dr. Cattanch informed her that

she was insane, which opinion, coming as it did from a neurologist and psychiatrist, was an expert medical opinion. But she says also that he himself feigned insanity, threatened to commit suicide—but failed to do so. This would be an inexpert medical opinion. Not having made any study of the subject, as her husband has done, how could she tell whether he was shamming or that it was the real thing? Even the lunacy experts in charge of institutions are constantly fooled into letting out patients as cured when they soon prove to be crazier than ever.

In all well-conducted suits for alimony, the wife charges at least one act of violence. She called the doctor stingy, and he certainly was in his alleged violence, for she only accuses him of hitting her once with the palm of his hand. To offset this, however, she avers that "He called me harsh and offensive names at places and occasions too numerous to mention with any degree of particularity."

But the real mental cruelty she describes in the following paragraphs:

"On July 25, 1934, to my knowledge, he entertained his former wife. I am informed and believe that in July, 1934, he continually stayed out all night or until a very late hour, and from August 25 to September 1, 1934, he disappeared completely, without any explanation and without leaving any information as to his whereabouts."

"Each of the acts specified above was intended and did humiliate and distress me so that in connection therewith and in consequence thereof I suffered and am suffering physically and mentally and my health has been impaired."

"He has always conducted myself

toward my husband as a faithful and obedient wife, but he abandoned me on September 14, 1934. From the date of the marriage to the present time he has failed and refused to provide for me."

The doctor denied all his wife's charges and then began to tell what she had done to him. He said that after she had persuaded him to divorce his first wife and he had married Elizabeth, who was herself a divorcee, he dropped in to bid farewell to Ruth and their son George at the Victoria Hotel, in New York, just before the two were to leave for California forever.

While he was upstairs in their room about twenty minutes, his first wife waited for him in the lobby below. When he came down, he says, she greeted him in a voice that everyone in the lobby heard, with the accusation of having improved that brief last chance by being intimate with the wife he had just divorced, in the presence of their own son.

The high spot of his complaint is where he described the street scene after his former wife had come back from California to find out why the alimony checks were not coming regularly.

He said that she also threatened to commit suicide but didn't do it, called his mother an unprintable name, and would not talk to him for days at a time. At others she insisted on arguing all night, so he was not fit for his practice next day. His complaint says:

"She stated to me, 'I will taunt you and hurt you and make you attack me, and then I will have you where I want you. I will make life such a hell you will wish you had never been born. I will soon drag your name in the mud and ruin you in Baltimore, where it seems to be respected now.'"

Having told at great length what an awful second wife he had picked for himself, and revealed that her aunt had warned him not to marry her, Elizabeth's lawyer, Mr. Reuben W. Webster, cross-examined him. The following questions and answers were an at-

tempt to find out how the great mistake happened:

Q. I will assume that you have made an effort over this period of time as a neurologist to understand your own impulses? A. Certainly, sir.

Q. So you understand precisely what you were doing in January, 1932, when you renewed your friendship with Mrs. Cattanch (the second) and courted her—in that a fact? A. Certainly, I hope so.

Q. And you would have a low opinion of yourself as a neurologist if you permitted her to influence your mind and conduct, would you not? A. I would have a pretty low opinion of myself as a man, and that is the opinion that I hold of myself right now. I think that notwithstanding any provocation I never should have lost my head. I do not try to get out of the blame at all. I take it all.

Q. And you think you did lose your head? A. I certainly think so, sir.

Q. You courted the present Mrs. Cattanch very ardently, did you not? A. I did not. I responded to her just as she responded to me. It was a mutual thing.

Q. And what was the nature of this response in terms of your professional knowledge? A. We call it infatuation or falling in love.

Q. You fell in love like anybody else? A. I thought I did.

Q. There is no question about that in your mind is there? A. It is a fine distinction whether you want to call a thing infatuation or love. I do not know.

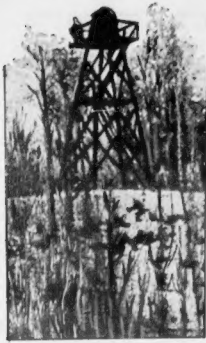
So it seems it doesn't do a man much good to have become a learned specialist on the mechanics of the mind and to know all about love and the other impulses and emotions. It does not save him from picking the wrong woman any more than might a callow youth just out of high school.

The judge said they hadn't proved much on each other, except that sympathy ought to go to the first wife. And he awarded five dollars a week to Mrs. Cattanch the second.



As Dr. Cattanch and His First Wife Were About to Enter a Restaurant, His Second Wife, He Complained, Came Up to Him

Happy Russia! Where Anybody Who Tries To Leave Is Shot



Guardhouse Near the Polish Frontier, Set High Above the Ground to Provide a Wide Range of Visibility for the Sentries.



The Frontiers Guards Are Covered With White Robes to Make Them Practically Invisible.



Sentry Posts Near the Finland Boundary. Similar Guards With Dogs Are Posted on the Frontiers of Estonia, Latvia and Poland.

HE and there about the world people dissatisfied with their economic lot picture Russia as a happy land where most of the evils

Capitalism, Fascism and Nazism have been wiped out. That modern Russia is no Garden of Eden for its citizens, however, is evidenced by the photographs on this page showing one or two of the many frontier guards whose job it is to keep the

"happy" Russians at home, if they get the urge to try life in some other land. These pickets, stationed along the winding frontier that separates Russia from Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland have strict orders to stop every-

grating. If would-be travelers can be apprehended and kept at home without

being shot, well and good. But if they insist on trying to escape from the supposed advantages of the Communist system, they are shot down. The Russian borders are dotted with lookout posts, like the one shown at

the left of this page. Night and day sharpshooters soldiers man these towers and seldom it is that a "comrade" anxious to go some place else, gets away. At each post trained police dogs help the frontier guards do the grim job to which they are assigned. These dogs have keen noses and they usually get their man.

Quintuplets for the Proud Mother Lioness In the Pennsylvania Zoo

IT ISN'T unusual for lions to have a couple of cubs at a birth, but twins are more common than triplets and it is something of an event when a mother lion has four of a kind. Not long ago a set of lion quadruplets arrived at the well-known lion farm of Charles Gay, in Hollywood, California. Mr. Gay was almost as excited as Mr. Dione when he discovered that his wife had presented him with the now world-famous "quints"—but the honor for multiple lion births did not long remain out on the Pacific Coast. About the time that people were flocking to the Gay farm to see the four furry offspring, a lioness in the zoo at Hershey, Pennsylvania, got her name in newspapers all over the country by bringing forth a litter of five handsome cubs. The newcomers are shown on this page in the laps of as many little girls.

The Pennsylvania mother is known as "Erie" and none of the attendants suspected the surprise she was about to bring on them. They knew that a family was due and they were prepared to take care of a couple of cubs or, perhaps, a trio of them. But five was more than they hoped for.

"Erie" herself, apparently did not understand that she had done something unusual. She nuzzled the youngsters, gave them their first bath, and saw to it that they got a good meal soon after they were born. She was a trifle crusty with the attendants when they tried to help her with her maternal duties and made a few swipes at them with her great paws. But after a time, when she saw that the keepers were not hurting the cubs nor trying to keep them away from her, her temper improved and she didn't even growl when the youngsters were removed from the cage to have their pictures taken.

Scientists who know about such things say that few jungle beasts produce as large litters in captivity as they do in their habitat. They



Five Little Foster Mothers of Hershey, Pa., With the Quintuplet Baby Lions, the Offspring of Erie, the Zoo's Pet Lioness. The Cubs May Be Given Names Similar to Those of the Dione Quints.

think that lion litters of four or five may not be so exceptional in those sections of Africa where lions have lived for centuries, but they know that it is rare for a caged-up lioness to be as prolific as "Erie" or the mother out on the West Coast. Such families as these are more than "news"; they are worth many thousands of dollars be-

cause there are not enough lions in captivity to meet the demands of the zoos and the circuses. It's an expensive business sending out expeditions to capture lions—and a dangerous one. It's much simpler and much more economical when cubs are born, as these

were, right "at home."

A few days after the lion "quints" were born

First Aid for Rubber Clad Bathers

ANY A joke has been concocted about vulcanizing those close-fitting bathing suits that the girls wear nowadays. But Ben Simank, of Catalina Island, did more than smile at such sallies. He made a few experiments and then hung out his shingle as a mender of the flexible swimming outfits.

The photograph below shows Mr. Simank at his work—and it's just the sort of gainful labor that thousands of his fellow men would be glad to take up if they thought they could make a living at it. Most of Simank's customers are young women—vacationists tanned by the sun and in a jolly holiday mood. It is pleasant as well as profitable to be of service when they come to his shop with punctures, tears, rips and blowouts to be fixed.

If anyone thinks this Catalina Island vulcanizer takes his business as a joke, they should watch him work. He's an expert. He keeps a stock of patches of all colors on hand and can match practically every suit that comes to him. More often than not the suit is full of femininity, but that doesn't matter. It isn't necessary for the argument to be empty in order for the fixer to do a thorough and a quick one. He hopes the vogue for rubber bathing suits will last a long time.

It's the athletic young women who are the vulcanizer's best

customers. They run and leap and wrestle and turn handstands. This strenuous activity is hard on their elastic outfits and, even when all the stretch there is in the fabric, a blow-out is inevitable now and then. The rubber-clad vacationists who just sit in the sun and collect a cost of tan have few mishaps and are not what Mr. Simank calls good customers.



Bathing Beauties Wearing Rubber Suits Which Sometimes Rip at the Wrong Time. Have Nothing to Fear Any More at Catalina Island, Where a Beach Vulcanizing Station Promptly Mends the Elastic Ensembles.



The World's Largest Boot, Size 168. To Wear It a Man Would Have to Be a Literal Gulliver, or About Thirty-five Feet Tall. It Was on Exhibition Recently in Boston.

Gulliver's Boot, Size 168

IF THE world boasted any real-life giants, towering brutes that would make Primo Carnera and the tall men of the circus look like pigmies, American shoemakers would be at work to construct footwear for the elongated freaks. The photograph at the left is interesting and tangible proof of this seemingly absurd statement. The boot on which the young woman is standing was recently exhibited in a Boston hotel. So far as is known, it is far and away the largest piece of footwear ever made, and it is correct to the smallest detail.

Gulliver, if he were as big as he looked to the Lilliputians, might stalk around in such things and wade through rivers without getting his feet wet. This boot stands seven feet, six inches high, and measures five feet and four inches from heel to toe. It is size 168 and, if the statisticians have the problem figured out right, it would be a perfect fit for a man 35 or 40 feet tall.

Of course this boot, made as an advertisement for similar products of ordinary size, called for a lot of painstaking work. The leather had to come from the hides of exceptionally large animals, and the metal eyelets and buckles had to be specially made. The laces, too, in order to be in exact relation, are extraordinary jobs and an order in themselves.

The ancients believed that giants capable of wearing such a boot as this, and even bigger ones, inhabited the earth and went on a rampage now and then, trampling whole villages of normal humans underfoot. But the giant myth has been exploded for centuries, and people know nowadays that the only giants we have on this planet are overgrown men and women whose glands kicked up and stretched them out to extraordinary proportions.

One such "giant" is Robert Wadlow, of Alton, Illinois, who towered almost eight and a half feet above ground on his eighteenth birthday and is expected to sprout upward until he reaches nine feet or more. Mr. Wadlow was, to say the least, a problem for the shoemakers, because his feet were large, even in relation to his size, and he needed a size 36. A St. Louis concern, believing that a certain amount of valuable advertising would come to them if they shod the big boy, agreed to make Mr. Wadlow's footwear and not charge him folks a cent for the job. The firm, when it went to work, turned out several pairs of shoes a foot and a half long and a foot wide. The shoes cost them \$200 a pair to make. The big boot that attracted so much attention in a Boston hotel is so long and so heavy that it usually has to be transported from place to place in a small automobile truck. Every so often a preservative is rubbed into the leather so that it won't get dry and stiff and develop wrinkles that might make it less of a spectacle when it is put on public display. It's a day's work to shine the boot and takes a whole box of polish for a first-class job.

Strange Behavior of a "Psychic Duck"

Exploits of "Cricket," Who Sings, Turns His Own Bath On and Off, Dims Electric Lights by "Soul Power," Has a Spook Duck Shadow (At Least, So His Owners Say), and Maybe Is Old Indian Chief "Big Moon" in Feathers—But Most Likely Is Not



"Cricket" Dining at the Organ With His Spiritualist Owners, Mrs. Isabelle F. Roberts, Playing, and Mr. Edward B. Coyne, Leading Him.

MRS. ISABELLE F. ROBERTS and Mr. Edward B. Coyne of Augusta, Maine, have a duck named "Cricket," which they say not only sings and understands conversations but is religious, spiritualistic, gives off "ectoplasm," and can make electric lights glow dim by "psychic force."

Besides these accomplishments Cricket eats at the table with the family, and when taking its morning bath, turns on and off the faucet with its bill, and when the bath is over, pulls the plug out of the bottom of the tub. This is a wider range of talents than has ever been claimed for an animal, outside of fairy tales. That the bird has strong leanings toward religion, and spiritualism is not so hard to understand because Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Coyne are spiritualists, mediums, no any pet of theirs that learned to sing and understand would naturally tend that way, just as sailors' parrots are notoriously profane.

Human beings with weird and occult gifts usually are found to have had some severe nervous shock in childhood which made them that way and it was in "Cricket's" case. Eusapia Paladino, one of the greatest mediums of all time until she was caught in a séance playing tricks with her stockinged feet, was the illegitimate child of Italian peasants, but "Cricket" is of the most aristocratic blue blood.

The "clutch" of five eggs from age of which she was born, came from Norwood, Mass., and cost \$50, which anyone who has tried to eat a duck's egg, will admit is a lot of money. From these high-born eggs were hatched "Cricket," three brothers and one sister. The names of the other four are not known and they do not deserve to be.

At a tender age and through no fault of poor "Cricket" the others picked on it, drove it away from the duck pond and finally after much persecution left it to die. However, as the two owners explain, Divine Providence intervened, causing the underprivileged duck to be rescued and brought into the house where it was safe from its brethren. As for those heartless birds it is enough to say that they have long since met their natural fate of appearing as long Island ducking on a restaurant menu. Thus do the evil perish.

But their cruelty had left scars on "Cricket's" soul, and he has a soul, according to Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Coyne who say he is the reincarnation of some human being who died long ago. They know this because they too are psychic. If "Cricket" has a soul that duck ought to be called a duck. Hereafter this party of the first part will be so called.

"Cricket" spent the Summer of his "boyhood" at Mr. Coyne's Summer home in Sidney, on the bank of the Kennebec River, five miles from Augusta. In the Fall he was taken to Mrs. Roberts' home in Augusta, where Mr. Coyne resides. "Cricket's" owners are convinced that now their duck is guided by the spirit of Big Moon, an Indian chief whose ghost claims he has been dead more than a century. "Cricket's" guardians say he has al-

ways been "controlled" by the spirits.

The bird has just passed his third birthday and might be getting a bit tough as duckling, if he were to be eaten, which he is not. His owners spend many hours not teaching him tricks, they explain, but developing the spiritual side of the duck's nature. Today, "Cricket" wears three or four different suits or blankets upon important occasions. One is of orchid plush, with a green ruff, and was made by one of the leading dressmakers of Augusta.

Occasionally he visits a dentist to have his bill cleaned and polished. This is necessary because eating at the table he gets no grit, bill does not get that natural sand-scraping it would in outdoor life. However, the dentist has not yet found any cavities to fill, nor any signs of pyorrhea.

"Cricket" got his name because even before he was a year old it was noticed that he listened to the chirping insects and tried to imitate them. It was this early practice which gave him his start toward fame. Most ducks do not quack much faster than they can step when waddling around, but "Cricket," in trying to imitate the noisy insects, speeded up his quacking until it became like a musical note.

"Cricket's" daily routine is as follows: He sleeps in a special basket close to his mistress's bed. Ordinarily the family rises at about 6 o'clock weekdays. If Mrs. Roberts happens to sleep a little longer "Cricket" waits ten minutes, then waddles to the bedside and actually pulls the coverings off. Yet on Sundays, when the rising hour is 8 o'clock, he stays in his own bed until that time.

He wants his breakfast soon after arising. He has his own chair, plate and cup, and sits at the family table always. He eats prunes, lettuce, cucumbers, brown bread, steak or chop, white of an egg, blueberries in season and strawberries and also a special health food which supplies the necessary vitamins.

At 9 o'clock he demands his bath. Mrs. Roberts takes him to the bathroom, places him in the tub and "Cricket" actually turns the water faucet with his bill and shuts it off when the tub is full. After swimming on the surface and as a submarine and generally enjoying himself for ten minutes, he seizes the chain and lifts the stopper, allowing the water to run out.

Then he waddles back into the bedroom and standing in front of a low pier glass, flutters his tail and preens himself with his bill until dry. Mrs. Roberts powders him with her own best perfumed powder and occasionally dresses his feathers down with pure olive oil. After a final look in the mir-

"Cricket," the Extraordinary Duck, Kicked Out of His Nest in Infancy by His Cruel Brothers and Sisters. Probably, It Is Hinted, Because They Realized That He Was Not a Duck at All, But the Incarnation of Old Indian Chief "Big Moon."



Mrs. Mabel A. Robinson With "Princess Jacqueline," the Talking Dog, Near Whose Grave "Cricket" Hatched From What Seemed an Ordinary Duck's Egg.

ror "Cricket" is ready for his music lesson, which calls for considerable explanation.

When the absurd duck was first taken into the house, he followed Mrs. Roberts around wherever she went, even flopping up and down stairs at her heels. Mrs. Roberts is an accomplished musician who has been soloist at the Augusta Spiritualistic Church for six years, and although she has never taken a lesson, is a competent pianist, organist, singer and whistler.

When Mrs. Roberts seated herself at the organ for her regular morning practice, the duck fluttered up beside her on the bench and when she started to play and sing, he joined in with his quacks. This is itself not remarkable because dogs gather from far and near around a hand-organ grinder and howl mournfully to his music. But the dogs are not true musicians because they make no effort to follow the tune.



"Cricket" Dining With the Family and Eating His Entirely Duck-like Meal.

"Now," said Mrs. Roberts, "will you look intently at that light bulb. In a moment you will see 'Cricket's' image reflected there—and other things." Sure enough, slowly the body of the duck appeared on the white light bulb in black silhouette, not sitting as the bird now was, but standing. One could actually see its tail bob. Suddenly the outline was bathed in what Mrs. Roberts said was an ectoplasm of bright colors. There were blues, purples and red. Mrs. Roberts pointed to the other bulbs around the cellar. They all showed the same picture of "Cricket," the same weird yet beautiful hues of changing color.

"Old Chief Wataasa, or the Big Moon, is responsible for that," explained Mrs. Roberts. "Frequently we see that ectoplasm. One day last Winter the bird actually appeared instead of pure white to be a brilliant yellow with the bluest of blue wings."

Ectoplasm, to spiritualists, is some psychic exudation oozing out of a medium's body and becoming almost anything. There is no reason, assuming it exists, why it shouldn't turn into a spook duck. In the front room, under a piano lamp is "Cricket's" favorite chair. When he wishes to sleep there, it is said that, "entirely by psychic power," he is able to dim the 100-watt lamp down to about five watts. An inspector from the lighting company, having seen this demonstration, is quoted as saying:

"Oh, yeah? Well you'd better not roast him near the electric meter, because if any body tampers with that, even spirits, somebody will get pinched."

Some things annoy "Cricket." The noise of coal being poured into the kitchen range makes him protest at the top of his voice until it stops. If anyone sits in his pet chair, he comes right over and tells them in a voice and manner that would be hard until it stops. If anyone pretends he doesn't, he nips them on the ankle.

The affectionate duck quacks a good-night to each of his two guardians, but refuses to go to sleep until Mrs. Roberts has given him his regular parting kiss on the top of his head. The bird knows when it is time for Mr. Coyne to come home for his meal and meets him at the front door as if he were a long-lost brother. His guardians think he has a more advanced mentality than the average child of three and understands more words.

A few miles further up the Kennebec River, at Waterville, lived the famous talking dog "Princess Jacqueline." Mrs. Mabel Robinson, who owned the dog, said that it had learned to talk as a puppy, without any special training. When only a few months old, the puppy brought the leash to its mistress' feet and said distinctly: "Out."

After that he learned "elevator" and "elevator up" and "hello." These were followed by "good-bye" and "come again." She picked up such other words as "I am hungry," "you'll out," "I won't," "I will" and "I do." As the "Princess" lay dying of pneumonia, at the age of 12, his mistress asked if he wanted to be moved and the dog's last words were: "I do."

"Boulderwall," the talking Great Dane, was also of the feminine sex. She was raised in a New York apartment by her master, Mr. Stewart Wildard Tompkins, and had trouble with some vowels and most consonants. For instance when she said, "I want to go out," it sounded more like "A-a-r-r now wow wow wout." Her first word was "wa-a-r," for water. She seemed to form the word properly in her mind but had an impediment in her speech. On her deathbed recently, at the age of 12, she tried to utter a famous last words but they could not be understood.

From Baraboo, Wis., comes word of a musical black cat, belonging to F. J. Wachtel. At night when Blackie wants to go out she goes to the piano and strikes Middle C, E and G until somebody lets her out.

"Cricket" is different, with his rapid-fire quacking, he follows the rhythm, if not the scale of the notes. He knows mostly hymns, but likes one or two others as well. His favorite seems to be "Oh, for the Wings, for the Wings, of a Duck."

The original version is dove, not duck, but it is thought that perhaps "Cricket" misunderstood the first time and nobody has been mean enough to disabuse him.

"Cricket" has performed at broadcasting stations in Portland and in Bangor. He rode to both cities in parlor cars, stopped at the Congress Square Hotel in Portland and the Bangor House in Bangor. He ate in the dining room and at Bangor was served by three waitresses. At Portland he sang several songs on "Uncle Mac's" hour and also gave a most creditable performance at Bangor. In all probability arrangements will soon be made for his appearance at some New York station.

"Cricket" has ridden more than 10,000 miles in automobiles and has walked many miles with Mrs. Roberts. She invariably takes him to the grocery store with her when she does her marketing, carrying a cane to show away unfriendly dogs. She has never

been seriously bothered by hostile canines though, which is said to be due to his psychic powers. Sometimes Mrs. Roberts places her pet in an expensive baby carriage bought expressly for him and wheels him for his daily outing.

"Cricket" is never left alone. Prompted by some evil thought, an attempt was recently made to poison the bird, but fortunately the plot was frustrated. Now, the house is never left unlocked and by permission, a loaded revolver is kept handy. These evil thoughts are apt to come to people in neighboring rooms of a hotel, to whom "Cricket's" singing is nothing but an annoying noise, in fact some have been so unkind as to call it a racket.

At the Augusta home the cellar is finished off much like the rest of the house. There is a fireplace, a phonograph, chairs and hangings on the walls. Here "Cricket's" guardians gave an unimpaired demonstration to an American Weekly reporter. The cellar is brilliantly lighted by electricity, there being no less than a dozen bulbs. In front of one of these high up on the wall, "Cricket" was placed on an antique milking stool more than 100 years old. He immediately settled down and to all appearances went into a trance.

Counting The Feathers Birds

SCIENTISTS are always doing remarkable things. Perhaps the strangest thing they have done recently was having the feathers on birds counted. From the layman's point of view this was absurd. To laymen what difference does it make how many feathers birds have? Science thinks of it differently.

There was considerable dispute on this question and so Dr. Alexander Wetmore, who is Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and chief director of the National Museum, the National Gallery of Art and the Zoological Garden, decided to find out. Like all scientific men, a guess was not good enough for him.

The birds that were used were not picked out and killed for the purpose of counting their feathers. They just happened along. Many of them lost their lives by striking the Washington Monument. These were carefully preserved. Others were obtained in similar ways. Some persons would probably like to know how many feathers their pet canaries have. Canaries' feathers were not counted. Most of the birds used were of wild species.

The birds had to be handled with the utmost care. If they lost any feathers in the process these must be preserved, so that the count would be correct. If the weather was warm they were kept on ice until they were needed, one at a time. In winter they must be in a cold place until the counting began.

One of the clerks in Dr. Wetmore's office had a young sister visiting from Buffalo. This girl, Marie Siebert, was chosen by the scientist to do the counting under his direct supervision. It was a job that lasted many months.

The number of feathers on a bird was a subject of thought over a period of several years. There was much argument about it. So the investigators were much pleased when the opportunity to make a definite count came. It was only very recently that funds from the private income of the Smithsonian Institution were available for the purpose.

A room in the National Museum was set apart for the



She Counted Day In and Day Out, Pulling Out One Feather at a Time with Fine Tweezers. The Feathers Were Arranged in Piles of One Hundred Each.

counting, and Marie worked long and conscientiously at the job.

On and on she counted, day in and day out, hundreds and hundreds of feathers on every bird. The down on the birds was not counted, but the so-called specialized feathers. These feathers she pulled out one at a time with very fine tweezers, counting as she pulled. They were arranged in hundreds, each lot secured with a rubber band. It was the most exacting work imaginable. If she was interrupted at any time she made a note of the last number she had picked, and so kept accurate count. This was continued with each bird until it was entirely bare.

Dr. Wetmore is intensely interested in birds and had wanted to know for many years what happened to their feathers in hot weather. Now it has been proved that there is a definite seasonal variation in the number of feathers on most birds. It amounts to a natural adjustment in dress to the needs of the season. The feathers were counted on seventy-eight different species of birds. So he is satisfied that an ornithological fact has been established.

All of the species worked with showed definite seasonal variation in numbers of feathers.

Marie had a fresh bird every day and after counting the feathers, put down the total number in a book. When the season changed, she started all over again. With the same seventy-eight species the numbers could be compared with the first counts. She learned that chickadees had seventeen hundred feathers to keep them warm in winter and only fourteen hundred to protect them from the hot sun in summer, having lost three hundred during the spring.

Dr. Wetmore says: "The goldfinch believes in getting rid of even more of his clothing during the warm spells. He loses five hundred feathers between February and the last of June."

"We learned another significant fact," continued Dr. Wetmore, "concerning woodpeckers. Although there is a considerable difference in the size of the hairy woodpecker and the downy woodpecker, they have exactly the same number of feathers."

After the bird has the "post-nuptial molt," it acquires a new coat of feathers to last it a year. The bulk of the new feathers are acquired at once, but some are added progressively as the weather gets colder. An exception to this is found, however, among those birds which migrate South early in the season. These apparently get a complete new outfit for their journey at once, since they will not be obliged to undergo any noteworthy change of climate.

The majority of the birds counted had less than two thousand feathers. However, some of them had many more. The purple Grackle had two thousand, seven hundred and sixty. The Eastern Fox Sparrow beat that. It had twenty-seven hundred and fifty-seven. The male bobolink in spring went well over the three thousand mark. The adult female Mallard Duck came out ahead with something like eleven thousand.

There was a great deal of argument about the number of feathers on chickens. The Plymouth Rock was discovered to have over eight thousand, he is such a very big bird. The Gento Penguin had three hundred feathers to the square inch. The exact number of feathers found on every bird is carefully kept for reference purposes. It will hereafter be in the archives of the National Museum. Here every bird man or other scientist will have access to it.

How The Dead Girl Brought Death To Her Gave Dober

A TALL, thin figure crept stealthily from behind a tombstone in the cemetery at Shopje, Jugoslavia. After the keeper had finished his usual round and had locked the gates. The tall man looked around cautiously and the moved swiftly towards a newly-covered grave, where Jovana Milosevic, the only daughter of wealthy parents had been buried that day.

By the light of his electric torch he started opening the grave with furtive haste. He was a mere youth. His refined face, his sensitive features, indicated the student or the artist rather than a grave robber. At last he reached the coffin, broke open the lid, and stared for a moment at the face of the dead girl who lay there. Then he quickly searched the body. One of the girl's hands was placed under the shroud. The young man lifted this hand, saw a ring glint on her lifeless finger and pulled it swiftly off. Then he rearranged the grave so that the keeper, should he come, would not notice that it had been opened.

The young man was Dzakoo Sortis, an unemployed clerk who was left penniless after his parents' death, and who could only eke out his existence by giving lessons in French. He came from a good family, was handsome and intelligent, and had good manners. Frequently he was invited to the houses of the best people in the city.

On such an occasion, months ago, he had met Nada Vlasce, the eighteen-year-old, vivacious daughter of a grocer. He fell in love with the girl, and she would have gladly married the youth had not his extreme poverty made the whole idea of marriage seem preposterous.

By his profession, he could not even buy an engagement ring; she once told him when he begged her to marry him. "We can't ask my parents to support us both."

Dzakoo knew that she was right. Her parents were not at all well-off, and their hopes were concentrated on his pretty, lively daughter, who, they hoped, would some day marry a rich man. Dzakoo knew that they would not agree to her marriage with him, but he also knew that pretty Nada, although in love with him, was of a flirtatious nature, and would soon jilt him unless he won her quickly.

Get engaged—but how? A girl like Nada attached much importance to engagement rings and other such formalities. But how could he get hold of a ring?

It happened that while Dzakoo was wandering aimlessly in the streets one day in a desperate frame of mind, he noticed a funeral procession accompanying Jovana Milosevic on her last journey. He joined the procession and walked with it slowly to the cemetery. At first he paid no attention to what was going on, but suddenly his attention was caught by the priest who was just saying that the deceased girl was to have been married in a week's time had she lived, and that she would wear her engagement ring to the grave.

Her engagement ring buried with her! She would not know if it were taken away from her. Surely it was no sin to steal a ring from a dead person's lifeless finger in order to give it to a living girl.

And the ring, which was of no more use to the dead girl, would be of use to him. He would give it to Nada after having thought out some plausible story of how it came into his possession. He would become engaged to her. He would marry her, and she would be his.

His mind was made up. Dzakoo hid behind a vault that night and after the keeper had left the cemetery he stole the ring of the girl who had just been buried.

He took the ring to Nada's parents, who told them that a rich uncle, who lived in London, had offered him a monthly allowance, and promised to take him into his business when he spoke English as he spoke French and was in order to prove how rich and generous this newly-turned-up uncle was, Dzakoo produced the beautiful, precious ring with its radiant diamond, and said that he had bought that for Nada of the money his uncle had sent him.

The ring was so beautiful that the parents believed the story about the uncle, for in what other way could the

young man have come by it? He was a mere youth. His refined face, his sensitive features, indicated the student or the artist rather than a grave robber. At last he reached the coffin, broke open the lid, and stared for a moment at the face of the dead girl who lay there. Then he quickly searched the body. One of the girl's hands was placed under the shroud. The young man lifted this hand, saw a ring glint on her lifeless finger and pulled it swiftly off. Then he rearranged the grave so that the keeper, should he come, would not notice that it had been opened.

penniless boy get hold of such a valuable jewel? They were pleased to find that Dzakoo was the presumptive heir of a rich uncle, and they consented to the young man's engagement to their daughter.

At last the wedding came now for Dzakoo. Nada had never been so nice to him before, and he blessed his happy idea of taking a dead girl's ring with which to win his sweetheart.

One evening Nada's parents had guests. Dzakoo was not present, for he was feeling ill and feverish, had a sore throat. He went to bed. The parents proudly showed the ring, and related to their guests their daughter's luck in attracting a rich man's heir. One of the guests, a jeweler, gazed when he saw it.

"Why, it's not possible!" he stammered. "I heard they buried it with her!"

The other guests looked at him mystified. The jeweler examined the ring closely and then announced that he could state under oath that the ring was identical with the one he had sold a few months ago to the fiancé of Jovana Milosevic.

"How is it possible?" the girl who had died some days before, there was his private mark on the inside of the ring. There was no doubt about it; the ring was the same beyond any shadow of doubt. But how did the young man get hold of it, when to his knowledge, the ring was buried with its owner?

"We will find this out at once," said Nada's father. He and the jeweler went straight to the Dzakoo's place.

They found Dzakoo in bed, looking feverish and very ill. He was too weak to attempt to deny the charge of the jeweler, who accused him of having got hold of the ring in some illegal way. In a faltering voice, Dzakoo told them the story of his robbing the grave. He withheld nothing.

"I couldn't help it," he said. "I tried to think of some other way, but I couldn't. It wasn't like stealing from someone who would miss what I'd taken, and be unhappy about it."

"Then your story about receiving a monthly allowance from your rich uncle in London was not true?"

"I have no uncle in London."

"Didn't you realize that someone was bound to find out about that sooner or later? How were you planning to support my daughter?"

Dzakoo wet his parched lips with his tongue, and moved his head back and forth over his pillow.

"I thought that if people believed I had an income from a rich uncle they would take a different attitude toward me, and that somebody would be glad to give me a job. I even thought that maybe you might give me a job."

"I see," the grocer grunted. "Then the whole thing was just a scheme to get me to support you—a fine son-in-law you would make."

"No," the youth cried. "I'm willing to work. I'm willing to work my hands to the bone for Nada. Because I love her, and I'm sure she loves me."

Vlasce did not reply. He knew that was true. Already Nada had declared that it made no difference what Dzakoo had done, and her father had decided making her stay at home while he looked into this matter. At first she had been shocked to learn that the ring had apparently been stolen, and from a corpse—but when she realized Dzakoo must have taken it because of his love for her, she was deeply moved and wanted to rush to him.

Suddenly the jeweler, who knew Jovana's family, exclaimed:

"You mean to say you touched the girl's corpse while you searched for the ring? You fool, didn't you know what the law said of it? It was scariest fever!"

He went to the telephone to inform the police of what had happened. A medical expert came out to examine the young man. He stated that Dzakoo had scarlet fever, which he must have contracted when handling the body.

The boy was sent to an isolation hospital. Doctors did everything possible to save him but were helpless against the virulent fever which killed Dzakoo three weeks later.

What would you write this remote and lonesome island, Mr. Kanner, and your kindness in such an offer to help us? I need phonograph needles, a pair of scissors, and socks badly, but anything you may care to send will be greatly and kindly appreciated. I have my stock of 200 souls here to look after and we hear no news of the outside world at all. For 26 years I have never left this island. How did you ever learn of my name and history of my family? It surprises me for it is accurate in every detail. I am sending you with this mail, a walking cane carved by hand from wood on the island, also a breadfruit leaf, hand-painted. Let us be friends and I will write you. I hope you will be as wonderful as it has always been through the past years.

"Edwin Kanner."

Timeless Pit Where Everything Turns To Stone

MILLIONS of years are as one in the mysterious subterranean region hidden in a rugged range of mountains in a wild, craggy part of northern Arizona. Strange forces have piled their disastrous and fantastic way for millions of years before man set foot upon this world.

While the glaciers were sliding over the continents, and creeping back to the North, leaving destruction in their wake, while men lived in caves and slashed their prey with weapons of stone, while machinery poked its powerful head into the workings of civilization, these forces have been at a task, the result of which will last for ages to come.

The mammoth cavern undermining the earth for 500 feet, and spreading its funnel mouth across a 200-foot opening, is the architectural masterpiece of potent baffling elements that at times turn everything in their path to solid stone, and again, from the massive walls huge biles that leave gaping, forbidding apertures as a challenge to man and his feeble powers.

In less than a year objects caught by the disastrous elements take on a form that lasts for eternity. And these powers are relentless—heartless. A mud turtle, caught in his earthen bed was turned to lifeless stone, a mute evidence of the cruel strength at play.

A deer which lost its life in the craggy caverns that suggest in every crag the handiwork of the devil, fell prey to the prevailing forces, and in less than a year its bones were turned to everlasting stone.

Hundreds of years ago, while the Indians were flourishing at their strongest in this mountain region, there lived a beautiful Indian maiden, youngest daughter of the chief of the tribe.

The story of the fate of this young girl was whispered to the ears of white men for the first time, underneath the sharp, threatening crags of the chambers where she met her fate.

The young lass loved a young buck from an enemy tribe. She was shut in the Cave Chamber Where She Still Sits, Her Body a Veritable Stone Statue.



Many Years Ago, Says the Legend, a Beautiful Indian Maiden Was Shut in the Cave Chamber Where She Still Sits, Her Body a Veritable Stone Statue.

tribe. She took the strings of heritage for his sake, and threw over her own tribe—or thought she had. She was caught. Her tribe doomed her to be shut in the stone chambers where she still sits, a haunting figure of stone, weeping with her hand bent low on one shoulder against the wall of the chambers of the "Weeping Lady."

As fantastic as the old tale of the king whose touch turned everything to gold, is this phenomenon, that turns things to solid stone. But unlike the fanciful tale of the greedy king, this one is an undisputed fact.

Whether the obstacles are the path of the "mystery power" be inanimate, or whether they are four-footed folk of the forest that are unfortunate enough to get trapped in the dark, clammy, cavernous chambers, makes no difference.

What is the mystery power that sends running water in a reversal that spurts it 15 or 20 feet into the air through a tiny window at the crag edge of the cavern? What is the force that within a year's time gives its victims the age of centuries, that carves from the massive walls the grotesque, spine-crinkling figures that suggest the work of the devil? What is behind it all, that the air of the cavern passes over something and turns it into stone within a year's time, like the breath of a dragon passing over an enemy and catching him in a deadly blast? Answer these questions and you will be a few steps nearer the solution of the mystery that veils the "Pit Hole of the Devil."

The mud turtle caught in the wall of one of the stone-pinnacled chambers gives suggestion that within the thick walls of the cavern may be embedded animals peculiar to ages millions of years past, when giant dinosaurs and huge mammoths ruled the animal kingdom.

No one knows exactly how the strange forces have been at work. They can only conjecture, and marvel at the fantastic grandeur of the place.

Should searchers for the "missing link" have the courage and perseverance to blast into the solid stone, and send the walls shivered to bits to the bottom of the cavity, there would be an enlightenment that would trill all the hearts of the best and least informed anthropologists.

Many-storyed chambers in the subterranean land of the devil are crammed in the walls—some accessible only by scaling ladders. Dripping streams of rock seem to have been caught in the process of slipping down the walls of the cavern to stack up at the bottom. They hang suspended in spite of their terrific weight and the pull of gravity.

A famous American manufacturer of hats and one of the few to brave the depths of the cavern, planted one of his prize hats under the hanging walls of the "Petrifying Chambers," a challenge for the elements to ply their forces. A year later the felt hat was touched by its lengthy exposure and had become, as had the mud turtle and the deer's remains before it, a bit of solid stone.

Only one man has lost his life in the "Pit Hole of the Devil." One doctor had both legs broken when a hefty companion he was helping across a rough place, slipped and crashed across his ankles. It took nearly a painful climbing to get the broken man out of the cavern.

The man who died had been standing on a promontory overlooking the yawning entrance to the cavern.

Long Distance Friendship Started By American Weekly

READERS of The American Weekly will recall a feature some months ago describing life on lonely Pitcairn Island. This article stirred the imagination of Mr. Roy P. Clark, of 433 Bessie Avenue, Brooklyn, and he wrote to the missionary who Governor of the Island and, after many weeks, received a reply. This is Mr. Kanner's letter to the editor received recently:

"You probably will find my letter one of the strangest you have ever read."

"I have been a constant reader for a good many years and have always enjoyed the marvelous features of your paper. I cannot wait for the following Sunday when its pages hold such a deep interest for me from cover to cover. And now let me relate something which I know you will be interested to hear."

"I have a peculiar hobby of writing letters to all parts of the world and have received kind answers from 84 countries, 101 islands of the South Seas and other remote localities."

clothes, books and other necessities which I would be glad to send him. Imagine my surprise one week ago to find an extremely interesting five-page letter in my mail box from Pitcairn Island signed by Mr. Clark.

"I am sure, Mr. Editor, this will interest you. I quote a few lines from Mr. Clark's letter:

"Whatever matter you write this remote and lonesome island, Mr. Kanner, and your kindness in such an offer to help us? I need phonograph needles, a pair of scissors, and socks badly, but anything you may care to send will be greatly and kindly appreciated. I have my stock of 200 souls here to look after and we hear no news of the outside world at all. For 26 years I have never left this island. How did you ever learn of my name and history of my family? It surprises me for it is accurate in every detail. I am sending you with this mail, a walking cane carved by hand from wood on the island, also a breadfruit leaf, hand-painted. Let us be friends and I will write you. I hope you will be as wonderful as it has always been through the past years."

"Thanks, Mr. Editor, for making a friend as many thousands of miles away. May The American Weekly always be as wonderful as it has always been through the past years."

"Edwin Kanner."

Heat, Cold, Even Smiles Can Poison You

Science's New Discoveries That Not Only Pollen, Dust and Hair Can Cause Hay Fever, But Bathing, Laughing or Merely Stretching

EVERYBODY knows that people get hay fever because they are especially sensitive to the dust of plant pollens in the air. It is well known, too, that asthma may be caused by other kinds of dust, like that from a cat or a horse, or even the ordinary dust that accumulates in a house.

But it is not so well known that people can be poisoned in very similar ways by heat and cold, laughing and slight exercise, and even by the tiny scratches which an especially stiff hair brush or bath brush can make on the skin. No less an authority than the American Medical Association has warned its members that severe shock caused by bodily sensitivity to cold may account for many of the cases in which people who go swimming in cold water suddenly collapse and die, even though help reaches them quickly and they soon are rescued.

At the recent meeting of this association at Kansas City, Dr. W. W. Duke, of that city and world authority on these curious cases of sensitivity to heat and cold, discussed some remarkable instances, including cases in which the victims were laid low by mere bodily effort as well as by heat, cold or minor injuries such as scratches.

One of Dr. Duke's patients tell in a convulsion merely as the result of raising his arms three times above his head, so sensitive was his body to the slightest muscular exertion.

Another patient was thrown into convulsions by the simple act of smiling. Years ago, Dr. Henry Hyde Satter, a pioneer student of these conditions that doctors now call allergies and which include hay fever, asthma and many others, described a man whose attacks were brought on whenever he laughed. In other of Dr. Duke's recent patients, either hot baths or cold ones brought on symptoms of hay fever or asthma, severe blisters or other disturbances of the skin, unbearable headaches, partial blindness and still more serious conditions. Fortunately, most of these heat poisonings or cold poisonings can be relieved, if the patient or someone else knows what to do, by applications of the opposite condition; heat for the person sensitive to cold and cold for those who are sensitive to heat. Dr. Duke also has been able to cure many of his patients permanently by gradually accustoming their over-sensitive bodies to the heat, cold, effort or injuries which touch off their individual attacks.

Six years ago Dr. H. L. Alexander reported the case of a woman who suffered from violently itchy hives whenever she took a warm bath, washed her hands in warm water or otherwise exposed her sensitive skin to heat. Dr. Alexander cured her by prescribing a long series of baths, beginning with cold ones and gradually increasing the temperature until her unusual sensitivity to heat was lost.

One of Dr. Duke's female patients was so depressed by both heat or bodily exertion that she wept. When the doctor applied cold to cure this depressed condition the result was still more remarkable. The patient not only came out of her crying spell instantly, but was likely to be seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Undoubtedly people are likely to consider such cases as hysterical or as results of overactive imagination, if not to call the victims actually crazy. Yet there is no doubt that such unusual sensitivities exist.

Cold is perhaps a commoner cause of these mysterious self-poisonings than is heat. Dr. William B. Hargan of Worley, Kentucky, himself a cold-sensitive person, has recorded that his hands and fingers swell if he exposes them to cold winds when he is outdoors or when riding on an open car on the railway. Another reported case is that of a butcher whose hands and hands swell up whenever his business compels him to go to the refrigerator to get out some chilled meat. Several physicians have reported patients whose throats swell up and threaten to close if they eat ice cream. Incidentally, experts agree that women are more likely to suffer from these special cold sensitivities than are men.

Probably the cold or heat acts in some way to damage slightly the skins exposed to them, which damage then causes the general bodily or mental ef-



The New Discoveries About Sensitiveness to Cold Water Explain Why Expert Swimmers Sometimes Suddenly Lose Control, Sink and Drown.



Members of the Hay Fever Club Competing in Sneezing at Their Peculiar Yearly Outing.

fects described. This theory agrees with Dr. Duke's most recent report of people who swell up, develop hives, get hay fever or show other distressing and abnormal symptoms if their skins merely are scratched with a pin, the tip of a surgical knife or anything else.

The cure, he reported at Kansas City, is merely to have these persons scratch themselves every morning with a stiff brush of some kind. If not too much scratching is done at first but the amount increased each day, the over-sensitive skin gradually gets used to being scratched. However, some skins are sensitive even to brush-scratching.

In the old days when everybody wore flannel underwear in the winter a certain proportion of the youngsters used to protest violently that the scratching of a new wool undershirt made them really sick. Old-fashioned fathers and mothers replied that this was all imaginary. Usually, little Willie or little Annie wore the objectionable undershirt just the same. Now it appears that at least some of these childish protests were quite correct. The fevers and sick stomachs and irritated skins that followed were entirely real, due to the peculiar but undiscussed real scratch sensitivities.

In Australia last year a physician won a verdict of more than ten thousand dollars in damages against the manufacturers of a suit of underwear which had scratched and poi-

soned his wrists, so that he was ill for months. At the time it was believed that the poisoning in this case was due to chemicals left accidentally in the material of the suit. It is not impossible, however, that the physician really was a sufferer from an unsuspected scratch sensitivity and that the only fault of the underwear was that its wrists were scratchy.

Still another possibility, suggested by two students in the Paris laboratories of the famous Dr. Charles Richet, is that the air-sickness suffered by some airplane passengers may not be caused by the motion of the airplane but may be due to change of air pressure as the plane ascends. By experiments on animals, these investigators have shown that decrease of air pressure may produce in sensitized animals reactions resembling hay fever or hives, like the reactions which Dr. Duke and others find to be produced by heat or cold or laughter. Sometimes these air-pressure reactions are severe enough to correspond to shock, collapse or serious illness in human beings. The suggestion is that there may be a few pressure-sensitive people, like the heat-sensitive or cold-sensitive ones or those sensitive to horsehair dust or to the pollen of plants.

How complicated some of these conditions may be is demonstrated by a case reported by another outstanding American expert, Dr. Samuel M. Feinberg, of Northwestern University. His

The Muscular Effort Involved in a Smile or a Hearty Laugh. It Has Recently Been Found, Can Produce All the Symptoms of Food or Pollen Poisoning.



To the Heat-Sensitive Person, an Unusually Warm, Humid Day Can Cause Actual Hives, Although a Non-Sensitive Person Beside Him Will Enjoy the Temperature.

patient suffered from attacks of hives and hay fever in cold air, whenever he took a warm bath, whenever he breathed air with any dust in it or whenever he took enough exercise to warm up his body even slightly. In addition, Dr. Feinberg proved by a series of tests that this man was sensitive to at least three kinds of plant pollen, to either duck or goose feathers so that he could not sleep on a feather pillow, to cat hair, to insect powder and to celery, parsley and parsnips. Apparently it was the celery, of which he was so fond that he ate it two or three times a day, which was the culprit in causing his long list of illnesses.

So varied are the materials to which at least a few individuals have been proved to be sensitive that almost nothing in ordinary use escapes. Lists compiled by Dr. Feinberg include 47 varieties of plant pollens, 45 kinds of animal fur and hair, including human hair, cat hair, horsehair dust and ordinary wool; 8 kinds of feathers, including canary and ostrich; all known varieties of yeast, 14 kinds of moulds and fungi and 138 different foods.

Ordinary wheat flour is one of the common offenders, as is the powdered corn root often used in feminine face powders. Hundreds of cases of obscure indigestion have been cured by omitting wheat flour or other foods to

which the individual is sensitive, just as hundreds of cases of continual "colds" or attacks of eye inflammation have been cured by switching to a kind of face powder not containing the offending corn root.

Tes, coffee and cocoa all have been proved to cause trouble in individual cases, as have even milk and chewing gum. House dust often causes hay fever or asthma. Cottonseed or kagok fibres do the same. When midge golf was popular, a respectable number of players found that they got hay-fever symptoms from the cottonseed hulls commonly used as coverings for the courses. House dust in red dyes for faded hair, and chemical dyes used similarly in black dyes have been proved guilty in individual instances. Ordinary gun is another occasional culprit, as well as the gun used on postage stamps, meaning that victims of that particular sensitivity cannot lack a stamp without having their tongues and lips swell up as though they had been poisoned.

Wrist-watch straps and the metal bows of spectacles have caused instances of poisoning. There is a record of one individual who swelled up if he touched the Sunday newspaper. He had a special sensitivity to the brown ink used on a rotogravure section. Another individual was found sensitive to the coke briquettes sometimes burned instead of coal. Many have been found sensitive to tobacco; sometimes when the tobacco is smoked, other times when it merely is touched. One man got hay fever every time the household canary was dusted with flea powder.

People who suffer from these peculiar and still mysterious sensitivities make up at least two per cent of the American public, so that there must be well over 2,000,000 of them in the country. It is probable that there are many more than that, for victims of these conditions often go on for years in generally bad health or suffering from indigestion, headaches, hives or other skin inflammations or from what they consider mere attacks of colds, sore eyes, inflamed throats, without realizing what really is wrong with them.

Such victims possess, however, certain compensating advantages. Statistics of hay fever and asthma cases prove clearly that the victims of these conditions suffer much less from other diseases than the average member of the community. They usually pass through epidemics without falling ill.

They have fewer attacks of ordinary germ disease or of such skin diseases as boils than is true of average non-sufferers from the pollens. This fact suggests that some of the cells of these sensitive bodies are like nervous firemen who roll out to false alarms when anything happens at all. If the body actually is invaded by a germ, the normal and beneficial response is that the invaded cells swell up, begin producing secretions, draw more blood to their neighborhood and carry on certain chemical activities that help to fight the germ invaders and ultimately to expel them. These are exactly the symptoms shown when the body cells respond to pollen of other similar poisons. An attack of hay fever is as much like a germ-caused cold that even the victim scarcely can tell the difference. An attack of stomach or intestinal distress caused by some food to which the victim is sensitive is precisely like an infection of these organs by the germs of food poisoning.

What really happens in the victim of hay fever or of similar allergies probably is that the sensitive cells mistake the chemicals in the pollen or other offending material to be signs of invading germs. This false alarm brings out the germ-repelling agencies of the body in full force. This false-alarm mobilization naturally makes just as much trouble as a real mobilization would, but this situation also means that real germ invasions are attended to promptly and efficiently, which is why the victims of these special sensitivities are so much more free than other people from attacks of germ disease.

The fact that physicians have worked out and applied successfully in thousands of cases of these sensitivities is precisely the cure that aroused citizens might apply to a city fire department accustomed to respond too much to foolish false alarms. The citizens might produce enough of these false alarms, one after the other, so that even the dumbest firemen presently would learn to recognize them for what they are. In the case of such a victim is scratched a little every day, with the amount of scratching increasing week by week, the body finally becomes accustomed to it and does not take alarm and swell up when the next small scratch occurs.



To Persons Sensitive to Cold Water, a Cold Shower-Bath May Cause Them Painful Illness.

Unusual Occupations of Modern Women

Steeplejacks, Bodyguards, Houdinis, Rat-Poisoners, Truck-Drivers and Pearl-Divers, Recruited From the Ranks of the "Weaker" Sex, Who Don't Believe Their Place Is in the Kitchen

SOME people still insist that woman's place is in the home, despite considerable evidence that her place seems to be just about anywhere she can earn a living. In fact, judging by the unusual occupations some of them are now taking up, there does not appear to be much of anything modern women will not try, from pearl diving to painting smokestacks.

In grandmother's day, a girl who climbed trees was a tomboy, and was looked upon with marked disfavor. When she was old enough to wear skirts down to her ankles, she had to stop such foolishness, and as a rule became so "feminine" she would not think of crossing a foot without clinging to some man's hand—that is, if there was a good looking man available. In those days it was quite the ladylike thing for girls to become faint and dizzy in high places.

But that is not the case any more, and a number of women have demonstrated that they are as much "at home" in the air as the average man—more than even more so. At least, Miss Cherie May, of Los Angeles, who is shown in the center of this page, certainly delights in taking risks that would make a lot of men shudder.

She began her career as a parachute jumper, but she says that after a while "living through the clouds" became too dull for her. It was the same old thing, over and over, and if there is one thing she does like it is variety. So, in search for new thrills, she became a professional steeplejack, and now there is no job she will not tackle. Just show her a steeple that needs repairing, or a flagpole that requires painting (and offer her a contract) and up she goes.

The higher she has to climb the better she likes it, and if there is a strong wind blowing, that simply adds to the exhilaration. Sometimes, when she can find nothing else to do, she pinches into a window washer, specializing on tall office buildings. But the thing that gives her the biggest "kick" is preparing for the installation of electric signs way up in the air, as she is doing in the accompanying photograph. Seated on a narrow board, like the seat of an old-fashioned swing, she does not mind at all being dangled in space, several hundred feet above the street, while she drills holes for electric wiring in a steel girder.

Although she dresses in overalls and "hippies" shirt while on the job, she makes a concession to her feminine nature by wearing high-heeled shoes. And even in her rough workman's clothing, she seems much too feminine to be called a tomboy. Besides, even though she uses the professional name of "Miss Cherie May," she is married and is the mother of three children.

Another young woman who is quite at home in the air is Pat Kendall, an Alameda, California, aviator. The thrills of ordinary flying, and even stunt flying, soon wear on her nerves, so she proposed to authorities that they give her a job as an "air cop," knowing her daring and persistence. They agreed. Now she hunts down criminals in her plane, and has made a reputation for herself through her success in this unusual field.

As far back as the records of history go, men have considered themselves the appointed protectors of women. In fact, there was once an army when any man with a horse and enough money to buy himself a couple of hundred pounds of hardware in the shape of a suit of armor spent a good part of his time riding around the countryside looking for women to protect. It did not make much difference what he protected them from—a dragon that was reported to be skulking and snorting in some near-by gully, or a hun-

Tired of the Usual Domestic Chores Relieved to Her Sex, Ann Middleton, of Washington, Got a Job as a Truck Driver.

erry giant supposed to be living on some mountain top, or just another rambling knight. Almost anything would do, so long as the men were pretty enough to be worth protecting.

But at last a member of the "weaker sex" has turned the tables, and is now prepared to protect a boy in a man who may feel the need of it and is willing to pay for her services. She is Miss Helen Portney, 26-year-old Chicago girl, who is shown in the lower right corner, in one of the characteristic poses of a strong man.

Not long ago, Miss Portney announced that she was looking for a job as a strong-arm bodyguard, and to prove she was capable of doing the work, she had this photograph taken. She says she can shoot, wrestle or punch well enough to defend anyone, and kidnappers, thugs, or racketeers of any kind had better steer clear of her.

How she happened to develop such biceps is something she herself does not quite understand. As a youngster she was always muscular and fond of playing boys' games. But not until she was 12 years old did she discover that she "packed a terrific wallop." As an 18-year-old youth was teasing her, and after she had warned him a couple of times to leave her alone, she "bawled out and socked him." As pretty an upstart as anyone would ever want to see, it landed on his chin, and he went down for the count, knocked out cold. After that he bothered her no more—nor did any of the other boys in that neighborhood. Now she is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 138 pounds and she feels that she can defend herself, and anybody else, under almost any circumstances.

Unique in her field, Miss Egan feels that she certainly has a right to be called an "emancipated" woman, and she believes she will be able to repeat all of Houdini's most baffling "get-away" tricks. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that women are largely responsible for making the pearl industry what it is today, and one of the chief uses for pearls is as ornaments for their pretty girls. And some not so pretty—neck. But not many women, even in these days when they are inclined to try practically anything, would be willing to risk their neck for pearls. Yet that is just what Mrs. Purdy Scott has done, and she has been making a good living out of it, too.

A few years ago she earned her way through medical school in San Francisco by diving into the harbor to repair ships. She became such an expert at working under water that she decided to become a pearl diver. Organizing her own crew, with herself as chief diver, she established a business on the coast of Sumatra, and later on, another colony on the coast of Africa. On one occasion when she was 182 feet below the surface, she was attacked by a shark, and she still has a 27-inch scar

Alma Zimmerman, of Montgomery City, Makes a Living Driving a Truck.

where it snapped their left leg. The mother of two children, she holds the long distance rough water swimming record for women. At present she is recovering from one of the trials of her risky profession—a burst blood vessel, caused by water pressure. But she says she soon hopes to "be diving again, for side from the profit, she finds the work most interesting. A much less exciting and in no way so hazardous occupation is that of Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, who makes church bells and chimers of all sizes. The founder she now runs as started 20 years ago by her husband, and after his death she decided to carry on the business, becoming an expert at mending bells. She makes some that weigh as little as three ounces and others as heavy as 1,800 pounds.

Twenty-Year-Old Helen Portney Is Looking for a Job as a Bodyguard, and Says She Can Shoot, Punch and Wrestle Well Enough to Defend Any Man.

for herself, and her daddy, too, for that matter. She rides her pony through a wall of fire, and her father has posted a \$10,000 purse for any woman who can beat Lorraine at this trick, but he says he is not afraid of losing his money. Catching dogs and collecting garbage are not occupations that ordinarily appeal to women. But in Secaucus, New Jersey, Anna Semmek established herself as a pig-food collector, and in Woburn, New York, the official dog catcher's job went to Mrs. M. T. Estlin. Helen Caldwell, a Vanderbilt University graduate, who lives in Huntington, West Virginia, has also taken up an occupation that seems strange for a woman. The people of her community were complaining about rats, so Miss Caldwell decided to combine her knowledge of chemistry with her training in domestic science. She experimented with poisons, and concocted a recipe for a wafer that is deadly to rats but harmless to other animals. Now she travels around as a professional rat killer, cooking these dainty wafers which rats find irresistible—and fatal. People have sometimes been killed to



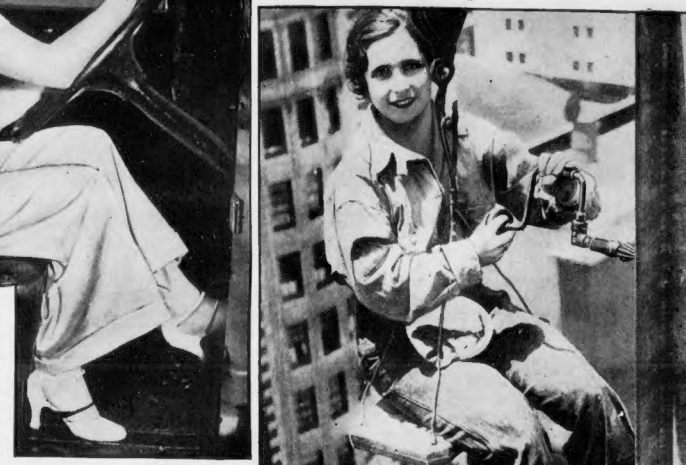
No Chains Can Bind Mill-cent Egan, of Walla Walla, Washington, Who Hopes to Become Houdini's Successor.

get their nice jobs away from them, but Miss Helen Liverman and Miss Dorothy Funk, at Denver (Colorado) University, have adopted a trade so unusual that they are not thought to be in much danger of being murdered. They are paying for their education by working four hours a day butchering black widow spiders and neatly removing the poison glands. The poison is used to inoculate sheep, to obtain a serum which, it is hoped, will save black-widow victims from their present fate of death or a long, painful siege in the hospital.

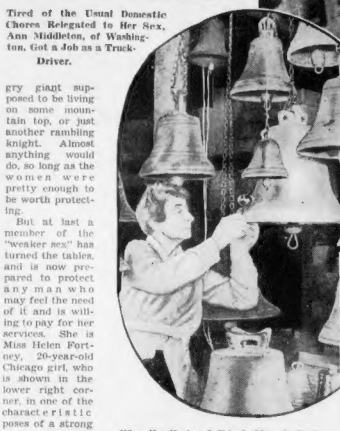
As for truck drivers, there are probably no two in the country who take their work more seriously or have made a better success of it than Miss Ann Middleton, shown at the upper left, and Miss Alma Zimmerman, at the lower center. Twenty-four-year-old Miss Zimmerman lives in Montgomery City, Missouri, where her ability to haul a five-ton truck from morning to night has won her the reputation of being "one of the boys."

It was not a search for novelty that led her into this unusual occupation. The death of her father made it necessary for her to be the chief breadwinner of the family, and such office jobs as were offered did not pay enough. So she persuaded the boss on a construction job to give her a chance with a truck, and soon proved she could do a day's work along with the strongest of the men drivers. When she first appeared in her overalls and cap they thought it was a joke, but they don't now.

Miss Middleton, who came from Washington, D. C., and now drives a truck in New York City, arrived at her choice of profession in a logical manner. Housework and all of the other things that women do bored her, but driving an automobile was great fun. So why not a truck? Everybody who gets a look at Ann, echoes, "Why not!"



When Parachute Jumping Got Too Dull, Cherie May, the Pretty Girl in This Picture, Got Herself a Job as a Los Angeles Steeplejack.



When Her Husband Died, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, of Los Angeles, Carried On His Work of Casting Bells.



Astounding Revelations of \$125,000,000 Insurance Racket



In One Room, Known as "The House of Pain," Insurance Investigators Found Bats and Rolling Pins for Beating Bones, Scrapers, Glass and Knives for Producing Wounds, and Sometimes When a Mass Accident Was to Be Faked as Many as Five People Would Undergo This Treatment at One Time.

Modern Torture Chambers Where Arms and Legs Are Broken to Order, Skin Scraped Off and Other Voluntary Injuries Undergone to Fake Accidents and Swindle the Companies--and, As Usual, the Public Pays For It in the End



The Automobile Driver Jumps on His Brakes and Swerves to a Stop. The "Accident Victim," His Injuries Prepared in Advance, Dashes Out and Throws Himself Down at the Rear of the Car in One Form of Insurance Swindle.

FAKE accident "victims" have been collecting recently at the rate of about \$125,000,000 a year, all of which comes out of the public's pocket in the end.

Some work in well-organized gangs which include, besides the professional accident "victim," a crooked lawyer, a crooked doctor, a crooked insurance adjuster and a few reliable liars for witnesses. These gangs ferreted out several soft spots in the country, such as Youngstown, Ohio, where juries and judges were so sympathetic and trustful that some companies stopped issuing insurance there entirely. Other fakers play a lone hand, but these usually are specially gifted, like George C. West with his trick "broken wrist," or Juns Arnold with her permanently "fractured skull."

Juns had a masochistic operation, but it was one of those things that is hard to blame on anyone else, so at first there seemed no hope of suing anyone for it. It left her with the pupil of one eye somewhat dilated. When Juns learned that this is also one of the symptoms of a fractured skull, which even the best actor could not simulate, and that blood running from one ear was another, the lady saw a great career opening before her. She now holds the country's transcontinental fractured-skull record, having seemingly recovered from it in more than fifty hospitals and actually recovered damages from more than fifty unsuspecting dupes.

Juns's method was to fall over a misplaced garbage can (usually misplaced with her own fair hands), fall down an improperly lighted stairway (after removing the bulb that should have lighted it), get knocked down by a swinging door or a hurrying employee, or bounce off the fender of an expensive automobile.

In every case she lay on her face moaning feebly for someone to get a doctor. Before the doctor arrived she bit her lip, put her fingers in her mouth and transferred some of the blood to one of her ears. Juns is now a notoriously diagnosed fractured skull, and the insurance adjuster, finding her that way in the hospital, thought he did his company a good service by settling liberally. After that her recovery was simply marvelous.

But a hurried, suspicious surgeon in a San Francisco hospital kept her there three weeks, until she finally confessed her little game. Juns is now so notorious that she will have to think of some other method of earning a living.

George C. West fell down the cellar stairs and broke his wrist. The accident was George's own fault, which he prying one of the stair boards loose and using the landlord for negligence, but they happened to be George's own stairs, so, at first, there seemed to be nobody to sue but himself. Later

George, like Juns, found a way to make lots of people pay for that wrist.

When the break healed, George discovered that he could snap it in and out of joint at will. By diligent practice, Mr. West was able to make it look, when out of joint, like a worse break than the genuine one except for two things—there were no swelling and, by twisting a tourniquet around his forearm he found it possible to make his wrist swell up and have his hand turn a ghastly blue. After that George went on tour "selling that wrist" to all sorts of property owners. For three years it worked beautifully, and then the accident insurance companies caught up with George and he was put away in a nice safe place for seven years.

In each town George, well-dressed and prosperous-looking, put up at the best hotel and started looking for something to trip over. Usually he began right in the hotel, where a curled rug, the cord of a vacuum cleaner, or even a wrinkle in the carpet was enough. Having picked the scene of the accident and worked up a swelling, he waited until several persons for witnesses were approaching, then stubbed his toe and did his tumble. If he couldn't find what he wanted in that hotel, he would visit another, a moving picture theatre, or most any public building.

The manager of the building would summon a doctor, who would say that it looked like a broken wrist and ask if it hurt. George, who knew from experience, would answer that it was only just beginning to hurt a little. When the doctor suggested an X-ray, George would say that he had to catch a train, would see his own doctor and his lawyer. With visions of a \$10,000 damage suit, the worried manager usually asked if he wouldn't accept a few hundred dollars and keep the lawyers out of it. George always obliged.

He could afford to settle reasonably because he was a lone-wolf faker who did not have much to do with anybody. By keeping out of the court and not letting many insurance adjusters get sight of him, he made it hard to get track of him for some time.

But even the smartest crook develops certain methods of his own which reveal his handiwork to experts. George used a different last name each time, but carelessly hung onto his first one most of the time; also he took to specializing on crowded store elevators.

Harold Jenkins, Alta Jenkins, Elton Minor, William Bone and Martin Briggs, Charged With Self-Torture Swindles in California.

His method was to get in last and stand at the door, blocking those who tried to get off at the next floor. This would cause the elevator operator to say: "Step one side, please."

George would do so, trapping heavily on the operator's toes. The operator involuntarily would push him off his coorns and sometimes cause the elevator to jerk. George would cry out, "Don't push me!" and fall on his face, of course, "breaking" that wrist again. The witnesses would all testify that the operator had pushed the poor customer, a nervous offense, which a jury would punish with heavy damages against the store. With eager hand, the manager settled in a hurry before the victim changed his mind.

The talented Mr. West collected tribute from the principal cities of the South, the East, the West, and was just beginning a return engagement in the South when he got into trouble. The National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters has a central index system, where all claims are filed, classified and studied for evidence of fraud. It is their estimate that \$125,000,000 a year is now being paid out to such fakers as George and Juns. The bureau got onto that wrist racket and sent warnings, with a description of the gentleman, to almost every sizeable store in the country. The next time George fell out of an elevator, the store manager regarded him with such cruel pride of sympathy that he walked right out, just waiting for doctor or money.

Also he decided to let the cold-hearted store owners, and did his next fall in the lobby of a hotel in Charlotte, North Carolina. But hotels had been warned, too, and the house detective of this one called a policeman (and a doctor). So George was sent where his wrist

was to go. In Another Form of Racket the "Victim" Falls From an Elevator, Throws His Wrist Out of Joint to Make It Look as Though It Was Broken, and Then Collects From Startled Department Store or Hotel Officials Before Even the Insurance Adjuster Arrives on the Job.

can have a seven-year rest.

First-class hotel dining-rooms and restaurants are victimized by another species of lone-wolf faker who uses a firm of blackmail. These persons order a meal at the busiest dinner hour and then suddenly leap up, screaming and pointing at something they have "found" in the food, anything from a false tooth in the soup to a dead mouse in the mashed potatoes. It is there for all to see, but what was not seen was that the screamer put it there himself or herself. There are all sorts of variations of the game, such as that of "Tillie the Tack-Tracker."

Tillie would leap from her chair shrieking and blood running out of her mouth, from which she would then produce a tack that she said she had found in the spinach. There was the blood and the tack to prove it. As the shocked and sickened guests saw these fakers rushed to the manager's office in a bundle of waiters, they heard sounds suggestive of sea-sickness. No matter how sure the management and the insurance company may be that this is a fraud, no restaurant could afford the publicity of a lawsuit based on such a charge—so they pay.

An amazing case of gang fraud was reported in Los Angeles a few weeks ago. Getting evidence through a microphone secretly placed in the home of two suspects, detectives arrested five people—Harold Jenkins, his wife, and Elton Minor (all in their forties) were booked on suspicion of

Patricia Douglas and Harry Dean, of the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, Demonstrating How Automobile Accident Wounds Were Faked by Using a Grater.

grand theft, while William Bone, 39, and Martin Briggs, 46, were held on suspicion of both grand theft and mayhem. The microphone was in the home of Briggs and Bone. Seated in another house

detectives were able to listen in on a scene that it is hard to believe could occur outside an insane asylum.

"Last May 9th," he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins drove with one of our under-cover informants to a busy street corner, where Jenkins punctured a tire of his machine with an air tick."

"In another car, Briggs and Bone picked up the three and drove in the Biggs-Bone home. There a radio was turned on full blast to drown out screams, while Briggs struck Jenkins' arm with a rolling-pin, fracturing the bone. Moving swiftly, Briggs next beat the body of the man, who gave up information, with the rolling-pin, after which a blood-filled syringe was squirted in his ear, simulating the effects of a basal skull fracture. Meanwhile Mrs. Jenkins was shredding the skin off her legs with a cheese-grater. As soon as these operations were completed, the arrived and drove the injured persons to a hospital, reporting that he had undoubtedly run them down while they were fixing a puncture."

Jenkins and his wife are reported to have confessed their part of the conspiracy, charging that Briggs had told them it would be an easy way to make money. The others protested their innocence. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins did not think that having an arm broken with a rolling-pin or having one's legs scraped with a cheese-grater to be easy as represented. But if the detectives

had not been tipped off, the conspirators would have had a perfect case—the punctured tire, undeniable injuries and the testimony of witnesses.

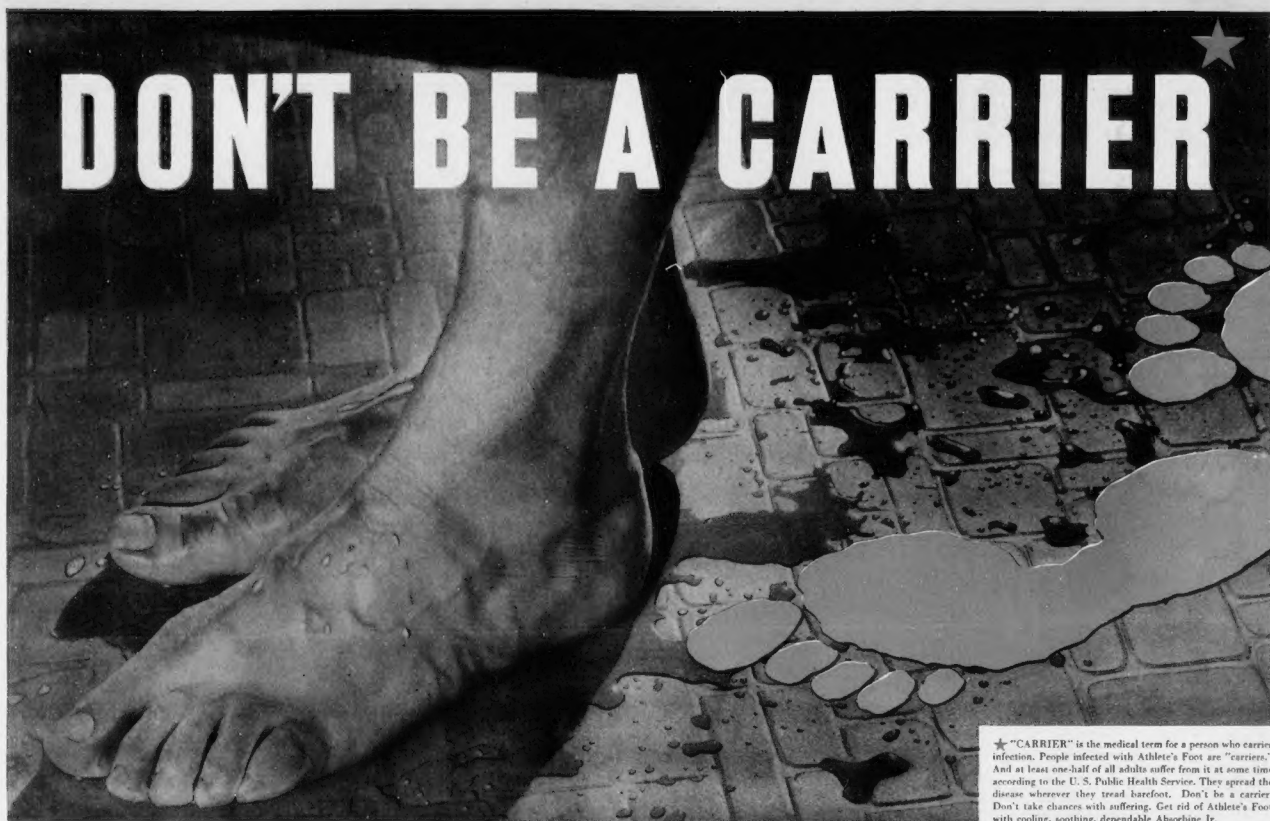
Frank Gemellaro, known as "the Duke," was the head of a false accident ring in Pittsburgh, and recently received a five-year sentence for his activities. At his headquarters police found carefully kept records and files. They also found a torture chamber, which numbers of the gang called "the house of pain." There, before the "accident" of which they were to be the "victim" the racketeers had to report. They were made to beat each other with bare fists and sacks filled with oranges to create black and blue marks. Perforated strips of tin were found, which had been used as crude graters to cause scratches and abrasions. Sandpaper was another kind of grater used, and the torture instrument chest also contained knives and razor blades.

This group used crooked doctors, crooked lawyers and crooked automobile owners, as well as crooked victims. The motorist, insured, would suddenly swerve his car to the curb, brakes squealing. The "victim" was found in the street at the rear of the car, where, injuries ready-made, he had thrown himself.

Things got so bad in Youngstown, Ohio, that in one false accident case it was brought out that the conspirators owned an insured and wrecked car 250 miles from Toledo, where the courts are not so easy, in order that the "accident" might happen in Youngstown.

Juries would perhaps not be so generous with other people's money if they realized that it is really their own money they are tossing away. This annual \$125,000,000 in fraudulent damage claims has to be added to the cost of insurance. Even if nobody in the family carries any, they all have to pay their share of the losses which is added to almost every article and service they buy.

DON'T BE A CARRIER



★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot. Don't be a carrier. Don't take chances with suffering. Get rid of Athlete's Foot with cooling, soothing, dependable Absorbine Jr.

GET RID OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

SO treacherous is Athlete's Foot, you may now be infected and not know it. There is no pain at first. Soon, however, you will be conscious of itching skin between your toes. Skin that looks red and irritated.

This warns of trouble ahead. And please remember that wherever you tread barefoot, you spread disease—at the beach, at the golf club, even in your own spotless bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Don't be a carrier. For your own sake as well as others, get rid of this insidious infection with cooling, soothing, dependable Absorbine Jr.

Trouble Threatens

Of the ten million people who now have Athlete's Foot, countless are thoughtless carriers, and thousands suffer real distress because of their neglect.

Examine your toes tonight for red, itching skin, and at the slightest symptom douse on Absorbine Jr. Once the fungus digs into the skin, boring and eating through tender tissues, painful soreness is the penalty.

The skin turns white, dies in patches; gets moist and

sticky, peels, cracks open with distressing rawness.

**Absorbine Jr. kills the fungus
soothes the soreness**

Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. brings gratifying relief. Leading laboratories have proved that this famous remedy kills the infectious fungus when reached. It also cools and comforts, working to ease and heal the broken tissues.

If your case is far developed, it may be wise to consult a doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr. So stubborn is the fungus that re-infection may occur from your own socks, unless boiled for at least 20 minutes when washed.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. It is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually harmful to your condition. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle, or try it at our expense. Fill in coupon and mail to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.



Soothe that SUNBURN with cooling, greaseless ABSORBINE JR.

It's fun while you're getting sunburned, but it's misery the next day. Your shoulders wince under the day-after flame. Your nose throbs with rising blisters. Your arms shriek for relief.

Relief? Why it's right there in your bottle of Absorbine Jr.

Just anoint those tortured skin surfaces with Absorbine Jr. How quickly the flame cools away. You can feel the soothing effect of Absorbine Jr. like a shady waterfall caressing those burned spots.

And, in a short time the

Absorbine Jr. seems to disappear, leaving no stickiness or gummy deposit—nothing but a faintly pleasant odor which disappears, too. But the easing and comforting effect remains.

Keep that familiar bottle ever handy during the summer months. Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. And remember—it's really thrifty to use because it takes so little to bring relief.



ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and SUNBURN

SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE NOW

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 397 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts
I want to try Absorbine Jr. Please mail sample to

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Please name and address)

Fill in the coupon, mail it to us, and we will be very happy to send you free this sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. We give thousands away every year because we know that once you try this wonderful remedy you will become a life-time friend. You will use it as a liniment for muscular aches and pain as well as for Athlete's Foot and sunburns. We also know that folks who use a sample bottle are soon recommending it most highly to family and others for various uses.

FREE SAMPLE

Adventures of Karl Pettersson, Who Escaped the Big Cook Pot, Married the Native Chief's Daughter and Now Wants to Sell His Island Kingdom and Come Back to Civilization

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Adventures of the Noble Lord Ed

Born in an Ancestral Castle With Wealth and Every Social Advantage, His Life
Dramatic Detail How He Slipped Down and Down to the

Dregs of Life Among
Ridden Tramps and
Finally Landed in Prison



Lord Edward Montagu Cutting Sandwiches in His Roadside Coffee Stand.

CHAPTER V. BY LORD EDWARD MONTAGU.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

I had ever cherished the thought—that no stay in Hollywood, however long, would see me established as another Ronald Colman or Clark Gable. So I decided to bid farewell to all my friends, and beat it for San Francisco where there might be something for me in the way of a job aboard a ship, preferably bound for the South Sea Islands.

I got to San Francisco, but I found that jobs were just about as plentiful as snowflakes in the nether regions. My funds were as low as a snake's tummy; I had arranged for my allowance from the trustees to be paid direct to my wife so there was no prospect of any money coming to me until I got my share of the next quarter's allowance.

Back to Vancouver, I thought, was the only thing for me to do. For in Canada I could at least get some kind of work, whereas in the U. S. A. I could not. But how to get there? Suddenly, I thought of those hoboes I had seen scuttling from the freight train on that journey when I was minding the pigs. Could I, I wondered, jump a freight train to Seattle? I would try.

I went along that night to the "depo," as they call the railway station in the States, and scouted around. It was the freight yard, I knew, where I had to find what I wanted. In and out among the long rows of heavy freight cars I dodged, listening to the conversations of railwaymen who were loading up. At last I heard of a train that was pulling out that night for Portland, Oregon, via Sacramento. Quickly I figured that it would at least take me a long way towards Seattle and that I would no doubt get another train from Portland to my destination.

Now, I found later there are three ways of riding a freight train as a non-paying passenger. One is to ride the buffers between the cars, another is to get on the roof by means of the steps that go up the end of each car; and the third is to sneak inside a car by finding a sliding door that opens. The first two did not occur to me at San Francisco depot. How to get into a car without being seen was the problem I set myself.

It was now about eleven at night. I had heard someone say this train went out at one-thirty in the morning. So I left the yard, went to an eating house, got myself some strong coffee and a pie and laid in a store of bread, cheese, and some spiced sausage sandwiches. Just after one I went back to the yard and reconnoitered. I found a car with a door a few inches open and made up my mind. I pulled it aside and jumped in. It was pitch dark, of course, and I groped my way along the sides till I came to the corner farthest from the door. I did this exploring through and over a large selection of what I guessed to be cases of tinned fruits. And in a small space between two rows of cases I lay down on the floor.

Shouts of men; rattle of motor trucks; banging of doors; bumping of cars being shunted somewhere in the yard; shrieks of locomotive whistles; those noises went to make up what was for me a rhapsody in black. From the darkness of the floor, I figured it would soon be in black and blue.

I could hardly believe it when at length I felt a bump and a jerk and realized we were moving. It seemed that I was in luck in my first venture as a hobo. We gathered speed and were soon jorgery-jog making for the Sacramento Valley. At first the awful bumping, especially when we went over switch points, knocked all thought of sleep from me. But gradually I dozed. I kept



Dashing Photograph of the French Foreign Legion On the Desert Sands of the Sahara. Lord Edward Tried Twice to Join the Legion.



Hobo Companion of Lord Edward Montagu.

on waking, however, and it was at one of these moments that a hard bang as was slowed down must have sent up a cloud of dust in the dark. I did not see it, of course. But I felt it all right. In my nose. And I sneezed hard. I sneezed again. Then out of the darkness somewhere came a voice that froze me up:

"Say, who's youse?"

I held my breath. The question was repeated and then about six feet away from me a match was struck and held in my direction.

"Gees, you sure did give me a start, buddy," said the voice. "I thought I'd piped this car on my own. Where you makin' for, buddy?"

I could just make out an unshaven face before the match went out. "Portland, I hope," I answered, feeling reassured that the other fellow was on the same game as myself. "Same here," he replied. Then in the darkness we talked. I told him frankly it was my first attempt at jumping a train and he set in to put me wise to a lot. The first thing he did was to tell me to move nearer the center of the car. I had chosen a spot which is never selected by the professional hobo—over the axle. I moved and was much less uncomfortable. Then he explained to me the different ways—of which I have spoken—of riding freight trains.

He told me he knew this journey "like it was the palm of his hand," so that it would not be necessary for us to have the door open to look out for town signs. Town signs in the U. S. A. are large announcements alongside the railway line, just outside a town, and they proclaim the name of the place one is coming to. Hoboes always get ready to jump off as these signs appear and the train slows down.

We did not require to do so at Sacramento as my companion knew that this train did not stop there.

"But you sure gotta look out these days," he explained. "Them railroad guys is gettin' inhuman. They don't give a guy no chance to ride in comfort. Only last week, they hunted a guy out and as he was runnin' off they shot him. But he was an Englishman an' was just plumb stupid." I meditated this.

We got to sleep after a time. When I woke I could see daylight through the chink in the



Lady Louise, Sister of Lord Edward Montagu, Bidding Her Brother Good bye as He Leaves to Enlist in the French Foreign Legion.

ion, who seemed to be a man about thirty-five or so, as far as I could judge under his stubbly beard and whiskers, about himself. But although he would talk quite a lot about his travels all over the U. S. A., he said nothing about his life. I felt justly snubbed for I had no more right to be inquisitive than I would have if I met a man in the parlor car.

He had newspapers of the day before and some magazines of the "blood" type and he lent me one or two. It was nearing midnight when my hobo friend advised me we were nearing Portland and that we would have to get ready to hop off the train as soon as it slowed down a bit. And very shortly, as the lights of the outskirts of the city came in view and we slowed down to about ten miles an hour, I followed him in sitting sideways on the floor of the car by the door and jumped to the ground. As he ran quickly to a field out of sight of the track, I did the same, and by the light of a half moon I saw at least half a dozen other figures jump from the train just as I had that night on the cattle train up in the Rockies.

I asked my friend when we were clear and walking across the field what happened if one were caught. "Best you up with a blackjack or maybe a piece of rubber tubing," he replied. And I felt glad to be clear of the railroad.

I parted company with him in the morning after we had put up in a doss-house which he took me to and where I got a shakedown for ten cents. And later in the day, just as I was, I shocked the elevator man at the block where a friend of mine had an office by going up. I gave a still greater shock to him when I got a shakedown for ten cents. My name he stared at me as if I had escaped from a lunatic asylum. I saw my friend and borrowed my fare to Vancouver where I arrived that evening. It was about six months later, after a period which has nothing very interesting to tell about it, that I came to the conclusion that the cheapest way of living in Vancouver would be to buy a boat of some kind.

sliding doors. To my astonishment, I saw my companion boiling water in a can over a small paraffin stove. He told me later that he always carried the stove. Soon he offered me a cup of coffee, and I'll say it tasted good to me. I ate my sausage andwiches with it and kept my bread and cheese for later.

Over breakfast I asked my companion

My idea was to live on it and possibly do some cruising with a chance of pushing off later to the South Seas to do some trading. After inspecting many craft, I decided on a boat called the Merman. She was a converted Jap fishing boat, and she had one fairly decent cabin containing two bunks. She had an old—very old—engine and I paid \$250 for her out of my allowance money. She was 34 feet long.

I did not know when I bought her that she was about as watertight as a sieve. They had just painted over the cracks in her hull. But the recent launching of the Queen Mary was no more important in my estimation than the day I met the Merman in the water for the first time as her owner. If I had known she was going to lead to me being prisoner in the dock in Victoria, B. C. she could have stayed in her Vancouver dock.

Friends of mine had a crack yacht in which they were going up to Pender Harbor. They asked me to join them and they went off. I set out on my maiden voyage but did not get out of Vancouver roads before the water started to pour in. Then the engine died on me. I put back and anchored, took out a cylinder and repaired it. But in the end I had to telephone to Pender and ask for a tow. After being up there I set off to return to Vancouver and had it not been for a towboat I would have sunk completely.

Then I returned the Merman to dry dock and I worked on her with a mechanic on overhaul for a fortnight, during which every rat in Vancouver paid us a visit, till she was ready for the water again. I set out for Pender Harbor again. This time the engine went splendidly. So well, in fact, that when I got into Pender Harbor I could not stop the darned thing. Round and round that blessed harbor I went till I managed to sail her in close to a wharf. There were two men on the dock.

"Can't stop her," I yelled to them frantically. "Chuck me a rope next time I come round." So I went round once more and came back alongside and somehow caught a rope they threw me. I held on to that rope as a Scotsman holds on to a bottle of whisky and at length the engine conked out. I suppose it was tired of the struggle.

After another stay in Pender I set back for Vancouver and lost my way in the dark and in a slight fog coming off Vancouver Island. I cruised around until I nearly ran down a man in a fishing boat. He heaped coals of fire on my head by selling me a large salmon for ten cents and having had no food for twelve hours I anchored and cooked it there and then.

The fog lifted and I saw a light far off. I made for it and went into what I found was the township of Nanaimo, south of Victoria. There I stayed two days. I was alone on the "Merman" and one day, while I was sitting on deck doing nothing in particular, three men came along and started to chat from the wharf. Soon they told me they were broke and I invited them to come aboard for a meal. Their names turned out to be Ronald Ekin, dervey, who told me he had been at Elton Brookes, nicknamed "Tiny" as he was about six feet three; and Ramage. They said they had been living in the Seamen's Institute and had intended joining the whaling fleet where it set out for the season. At present they were pretty broke.

I told them they could stay aboard the boat and I provided the grub. And then we got talking and we decided it would be a good idea to join

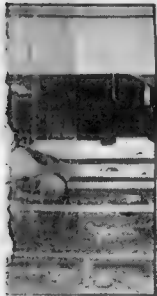


One of Lord Edward's Hobo Friends "Riding the Rails."

Edward Montagu

Lordship Tells in Lowest Termin- and ison

of Manchester,
atic atmosphere,
ship of tramps
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tes. On the day
teller would
career and the
y words in these



forces and make a trip
to the South Sea
lands and go into the
schooner trade.
The schooner was the
sea-slug or sea-cucumber,
enormous quantities
of which are used
by the Chinese for soup-
making, and which find
a ready market at a
hundred dollars a ton.
Kindersley suggested
we could first do a bit
of shark-fishing off the
west of California, as
it was a paying game
or the oil. And now
we others, also public
school boys, known as Harry and Ralph, joined us.
It was settled we should go to Vancouver and see
we could buy a schooner. Meanwhile, six of us
went in a cabin built for two.

We set off for Vancouver, which is 35 miles
long the coast from Victoria. Kindersley took
the wheel as he told me he had done a lot of navigat-
ing in different parts of the world. It began to
snow hard and soon we were tossing about in what
must admit was a rather alarming fashion. One
man was violently sick and then Kindersley,
seeing the waves becoming higher and higher,
shouted out: "Get out the lifeboats." Considering
that I had only one aboard, that would not have
been long.

"Get her into that cove," I shouted. There was
a inlet in a little island. I looked at the chart
quickly and saw no rocks marked. So I took the
wheel and made for the cove. And ran the "Mer-
man" straight on to a submerged rock.

She heeled over and I got out the dinghy
quickly. The tide was on the ebb and so every few
minutes the boat listed over farther. The rock was
about 50 yards off the shore and I got the
others to load the dinghy with stores and we
died ashore. We found the island was about
three quarters of a mile long and 300 yards wide
and had sheep on it. As a matter of fact, next
morning we had, I confess, roast saddle of mutton
on the menu. On the next flood-tide we managed
to beach the Merman and shored her up with
planks.

We had a fair amount of tinned foods and as
I meant I would have to go to the small town of
Victoria, I put a tug to tow the boat there for repairs.
After a day or two. The owner of the island, when
we arrived with his wife and children three days
later, decided otherwise. In fact he was anything
but generous. As it is my principle to live at peace
with my neighbors, we moved to Shell Island near-
by. But as it had no fresh water we had to row
to the mainland each day for ten gallons.

And now comes the unfortunate little episode
rough which Tiny Brookes and I found ourselves
in the dock at Victoria Police Court and were
fined, he, 80 dollars and costs, and I, 50 dollars
and costs. The alternatives were 30 days for
Brookes and 10 days for me.

Harry, Brookes, Ramage and I had gone to
Deep Cove, a small place along the coast, for
stores. A tug had arrived and had taken the
deputy off to Sidney to be patched up. Having
no food and other necessities at Deep Cove, we



His Lordship's Motorboat, Merman, Hugh
and Dry on the Rocks.

made a quick trip to Victoria
and back to Sidney
where we found Kindersley
and Newman, who grumbled
that we had left them
stranded without water on
Shell Island. Considering
we had left 10 gallons, I

asked them how much water in the name of reason
two fellows wanted for a day. And then we re-
turned to the island. But the party spirit was no
longer with us. I have heard that it is often the
case when people are shipwrecked, as in many
ways we were.

It was as we approached the island that Harry,
who for some reason best known to himself was
performing a Red Indian dance in his pants, fell
into the water. Brookes clutched hold of him and
as we could not get him back into the boat, we
towed him ashore.

When we got there I told Harry to take his
clothes off, little as they were, at once and dry
them by a fire which we had kindled. But he
seemed to have something on his mind. Perhaps
falling overboard had upset him. He checked me
and then Brookes joined in and knocked him down.
Harry then hit Brookes on the jaw. I should have
mentioned that Brookes had a very hefty gumball.
It happened it was in the jaw which Harry struck.
No man likes being hit on a gumball. Brookes
struck back. And in a kind of general melee which
followed I believe I socked Harry on the jaw.

That finished the Robinson Crusoe business for
us. We went back to Sidney and then I got the
Merman. We were about to set off one day for
Vancouver when a man came alongside and said:
"This boat can't leave till my bill for groceries is
paid." I knew of no unpaid bill for groceries, but
the man presented one and I paid it. He had hardly
left and I was about to start the engine again
when another man came alongside and presented
a bill for hotel accommodation. I knew nothing of
it but I paid that after argument.

I made up my mind then. Except for Brookes
I ordered the others ashore and told them they
need not return. And when we arrived at Victo-
ria, the police came on board and said they had
a warrant for the arrest of Brookes on a charge of
assault. He was to appear at the court at Victoria,
which is the capital town. When we got to Victo-
ria, they greeted me with the announcement that
there was a warrant against me also. And so it
came about that Brookes and I found ourselves in
the dock and convicted of assault.

And now, having given you a general account
of what happened according to the case for the
prosecution, let me go a step farther and tell you
the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

When Harry, Brookes, Ramage and I went to
Deep Cove, we visited a beer parlor. They did not
sell beer only. It was gin which they purveyed to
us. And Harry was evidently unaccustomed to

"It was nearing midnight when my hobo friend advised me we were nearing Portland and that we would have to
get ready to hop off the train as soon as it slowed down a bit. And very shortly, on the lights of the outskirts of
the city came in view and we slowed down to about ten miles an hour. I followed him in sitting sideways on the
floor of the car by the door and jumped to the ground. As he ran quickly to a field out of sight of the
track, I did the same, and by the light of a half moon I saw at least half a dozen other figures jump from
the train just as I had that night on the cattle train up in the Rockies."

the kind of gin they sold in those parts as he very
quickly became well sozzled. As fellows will do
when like that, he just started to run amok and
finally Brookes and I had to hold him down to pre-
vent him from committing any foolishness. Later on,
when he became his normal self he apologized and
as I, being owner of the yacht and therefore
host of the party, read him the riot act, he
promised he would not get like it again.

Next day, the four of us went to Victoria. We
had several drinks there in the course of the day
and we brought back a bottle of gin with us. We
quickly polished that off and then we went to a
restaurant and had some more gin and ginger. It
seemed to get Harry right on the solar plexus
again. Down in the harbor he fell into the hold of
a boat and hurt his chest. I asked Brookes to look
after him and it was then that there seemed to
start that resentment and animosity against
Brookes which led ultimately to the trouble.

Before we got to the dinghy, some more gin ap-
peared from nowhere. It disappeared—let me also
say, to nowhere. And it was then that Harry fell
overboard. When we got him ashore and proceeded
to dry his clothes, he had a nasty "hang-over." It
was no doubt this which was the cause of his fit of
temper. But when he stood up in court and said
that I had pushed him overboard into the water, I
was flabbergasted.

But the song and dance which the American
papers made about that was nothing to what they
had been doing for the previous week or so. "Lord
Edward Montagu's yacht missing. Believed ship-
wrecked. Police patrol boats searching the coast."
I had known nothing about it. But the trans-
atlantic wires had been burning, almost sizzling
once again with my name. And my family had
heard that I had been kidnapped, murdered, joined
the French Foreign Legion.

I shall explain how that happened and how the
mention of the Foreign Legion was somewhat pre-
mature.

Even now, I do not know whether I was born
to fame or whether I have achieved it or had it
 thrust upon me.

I say "fame." I suppose notoriety might be the
more apt word. Whichever it was, I had my fill of
it after that affair which landed me in the dock at
Victoria, B. C., on a charge of assault. For the
story about my having been either kidnapped, mur-
dered, or having joined the French Foreign Legion
made every bit as much fuss as the account of my
appearance in the police court at Victoria.

My father kept telephoning from London to my
wife in Edmonton, Alberta, for news of me. My
sister Louise—to whom, by the way, I wish to pay
tribute as the best pal I ever had— kept cabling
across to Canada. The police of five provinces
were looking for me, and police patrol boats were
scouring the coast from north to south of Victo-
ria Island. And all the time I was merely busy

trying to get the engine of my boat, the Merman,
to function properly, as I have already explained.

As soon as my wife got busy on inquiries, how-
ever, in Vancouver, she discovered that although
I had been shipwrecked all right and living on an
island marooned in the most approved manner of
fiction, I was safe and sound although "wanted"
by the police on that assault charge.

And now once more I was broke to the wide
world. I had sold the Merman to help pay the
costs of my defense in the police court. I had been
living alone in a cottage at Royal Oak near Victo-
ria with just an Alsatian dog for company when
all the hoo-ha was going around about my being
kidnaped and so on and I gave that up and took
a bed-sitting-room. And then had a shot at adver-
tising work for a little.

My chief client was a gold mining company. I
found later that the only gold they had was what
was sent in to them by the "mugs" who bought
their shares. In passing let me warn the public
that Canadian gold shares will bear investigation.
I do not say all Canadian gold mining companies
are frauds. There is gold in Canada; a good deal
of it. But the people who get rich out of it go there
themselves with the most expert mining engineers
— and work the place themselves.

In Vancouver I was let in on the inside of a
share-pushing racket. A firm of so-called financial
experts and "stock-brokers" offered me a hun-
dred dollars a month to put my name at the top
of their newspaper as a director and for me to talk
to prospective clients. But when I wanted to know
all about it first, I soon found they only wanted
"to play me up for a sucker," as they put it graphi-
cally.

These firms rent a bigish office and get to-
gether a staff of what are called high-powered
salesmen. There are telephones all round the
room and at a table in the centre sits the chief
man.

He keeps himself posted well, every move in
the stock market. And in front of him is the
transfer list of all the principal mining companies.
These transfer lists are bought for five to ten
dollars from shady people on the fringe of the
stock exchanges. They show the share-pushers
who holds what and how much. Now let us sup-
pose that Mrs. Smith-Jones is shown as having 500
shares in Auras Deep Mines, and that the chief
of the share-pushers sees that Auras are going down.

He instructs one of the high-powered salesmen
to telephone Mrs. Smith-Jones at her home. The
h. p. salesman tells the lady that they are the firm
of So-and-So, financial advisers and experts.
They have noticed that Auras are falling. They
advise her to sell out and buy Utropolis, Ltd. They
will transact the deal for her at a "nominal fee."

(Continued on Page 20)

Reconstructing the Life of the Wise Old Etruscans

Mussolini Puts Italy's Best Archeologists at Work to Solve the Mystery of the Highly Cultured Race the Ancient Romans Wiped Out



Funeral Urn of an Ancient Magistrate's Wife, Which Had a Roundish Head and Upon It Solid Gold Earrings.

MAGISTRATE who lived in the Etruscan city of Veii, and who died about 400 B. C. is the only one of his kind whose tomb has been found in the city. The tomb is a small, round, earthen structure, and it is the only one of its kind in the city. The tomb is a small, round, earthen structure, and it is the only one of its kind in the city.

The Romans learned many valuable lessons from the wise old Etruscans — and then stamped them out of existence with such merciless thoroughness that little was known of their history and culture. It does not help much to dig in their burial mounds and recover fragments of their mode of living.

There is strong evidence that the Romans were virtually barbarians when they first came in contact with the Etruscans. They knew the Etruscans were a highly cultured people, and they were not slow to learn from them. They learned many valuable lessons from the wise old Etruscans — and then stamped them out of existence with such merciless thoroughness that little was known of their history and culture.

The Romans learned many valuable lessons from the wise old Etruscans — and then stamped them out of existence with such merciless thoroughness that little was known of their history and culture. They learned many valuable lessons from the wise old Etruscans — and then stamped them out of existence with such merciless thoroughness that little was known of their history and culture.



Ladies Shoes Were "Custom Made" in Ancient Etruria. Detail From an Etruscan Vase Showing a Shoemaker's Shop in Action, and a Lady Customer Being Measured, Probably 1500 Years B. C.



Remarkable Etruscan Fresco in a Tomb Near Rome, Showing a Man Making a Human Sacrifice Before Entering the King's Tomb.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.



The Etruscan Women Did Not Lack Beauty, as This Portrait From One of the Etruscan Tombs at Tarquinii Shows.



The Etruscans, It Is Known, Took Death Cheerfully, and Often Had Carved on the Lids of Their Sarcophagi Portraits of the Man and Wife Whose Ashes Lay Within.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.



The Exterior of One of the Dome-shaped and Enormous Etruscan Tombs in Italy.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.

From then on, the Etruscans were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past. They were a people of the past, and they were a people of the past.

HOW TO BUY ANY USED CAR OR ANY USED TRUCK ...

Look for the Dodge Dealer's Dependability Seal!

It's your guarantee that the
used car or used truck you buy
has been *Triple-Checked* for
Appearance ✓ *Condition* ✓ *Price* ✓

MANY DIFFERENT MAKES AND MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM ...

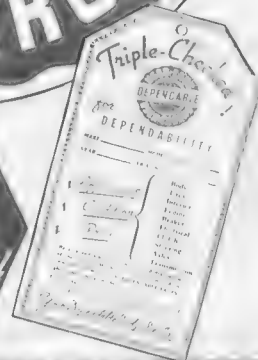
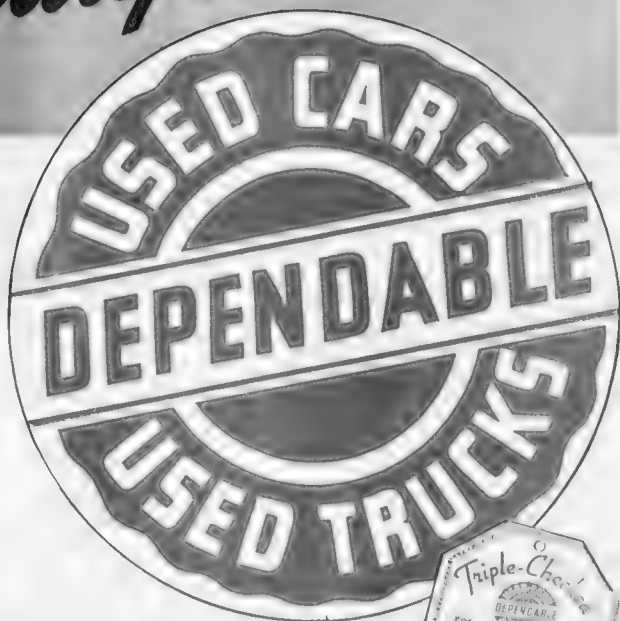
DODGE dealers all over America have taken the gamble out of used car and used truck buying!

Now you get facts—Dependable Facts—about the used car or used truck you want to buy. Just one glance at the tag on any used car or used truck bearing the Dodge dealer's Dependability Seal shows you the exact condition of that car or truck ... shows you that it has been *Triple-Checked* for Appearance—Condition—and Price! This tag is your guarantee of honest, de-

pendable value! It is backed by the reputation of your Dodge dealer.

Because more people are buying Dodge cars than any other make, with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars, Dodge dealers have an amazing variety of trade-ins! No matter what kind of a car or truck you have in mind—you are sure to find what you want.

See your Dodge dealer today! See the bargain specials being offered this week! You can buy on liberal terms, with plenty of time to pay!



SEE THAT THE
USED CAR OR TRUCK
YOU BUY BEARS
This Triple-Checked
TAG



PLAY SAFE! Get this FREE BOOK

Valuable Booklet gives real facts on how to get your money's worth when buying a used car or used truck. It's FREE! Get a copy at your Dodge dealer. Or mail this coupon today to the Dodge factory.

DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Please mail me, without obligation on my part, a copy of your free booklet, HOW TO BUY A DEPENDABLE USED CAR OR USED TRUCK.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT DODGE DEALERS' DEPENDABLE USED CARS



"I have purchased a number of used cars from Davidson Bros. Motor Co. Every one has given me first-class service. The one I have now performs as good as new."
—E. D. M. Cowan, Kansas City, Mo.



"We wanted a car but did not feel justified in buying a new car. We went to the J. E. French Co. and had no trouble in getting a good car at the right price."
—R. A. Ashley, Oakland, Cal.



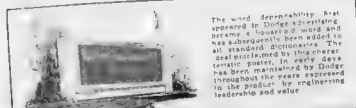
"I heard about Dodge dealers' triple-checked used cars and I went to James Goodwin, Inc. and got a perfectly grand car. It looks and runs good as new."
—Mrs. Charles Rogers, Chicago.



"I bought my used car from Crosby Motors, Inc. You can depend on whatever they sell you. Am more than satisfied with the way it performs."
—E. W. Kanstner, Normal, Mo.



"A friend told me about the 'triple-checked' car she got from Payson Brothers, and what a dependable car it was. I bought a car from them and it has proven to be everything they said it was."
—Mrs. Ophelia Schner, Detroit.



LOOK IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THIS PAPER—SEE THE AMAZING BARGAINS YOUR LOCAL DODGE DEALER IS NOW OFFERING!

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

WELCOME THIS NEW DAY FOR WOMANHOOD

This summer you can experience a comfort and an assurance of daintiness you have never known before



Tampax eliminates the discomfort and awkwardness of external sanitary napkins. You are totally unconscious of its use.

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

IT SEEMS too good, too impossible to be true. But ...at last...a method of sanitary protection has been perfected that enables you to be completely free of embarrassment...completely comfortable...completely sure of safe protection.

Tampax eliminates the external sanitary pad entirely. It is known to the medical profession as a tampon. Small, compressed, highly absorbent, made of surgical cotton, *Tampax is worn internally.*

Your doctor will be the first to tell you that Tampax is the most natural and the most hygienic method of sanitary protection...accepted for advertising by the American Medical Association.

Thousands of women have already tried Tampax and would no sooner go back to the old-fashioned napkin than they would to the methods in use fifteen years ago.

Tampax is quite simple to use and it provides a freedom and daintiness never before possible. No belts. No pins. No pads. No chafing. No binding. Tampax eliminates odor *because it prevents its formation.* Tampax provides complete sanitary protection...safe at all times. It stays in place, through the most strenuous sports, yet it can be removed in a moment's time. *And you are totally unconscious of it.*

A month's supply of Tampax comes in a purse-size package. You can buy it at drug and department stores everywhere. Complete instructions for use are included. **PACKAGE OF TEN 35¢**



Tampax is sure. It stays in place, though you exercise strenuously, yet it can be removed in a moment's time.

Exclusive Advantages of Tampax

Each Tampax is enclosed in a convenient and patented applicator, sealed in an individual wrapper. The fingers *never touch the cotton.* Easier to use, daintiness is always assured, and there is no doubt about effective protection and comfort.

Tampax cannot disintegrate. It is made of specially compressed, highly absorbent, long-fibred surgical cotton. Though very small when inserted, on contact with moisture it gently expands so that, although you are completely unconscious of it, one Tampax will absorb one to two ounces, the equivalent of a third of a glass of water.

You have freedom, comfort, daintiness, and complete protection...all completely feminine...all completely your own. If however you would like to know more about Tampax, we will send you literature and information on your request to the American Medical Association, Address: Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N.J.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED, New Brunswick, New Jersey

() Please send me the regular size package of Tampax. Enclose 10 35¢ (stamps or coins)

() Please send me a FREE booklet describing Tampax in detail

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Tampax is completely invisible, for it is worn internally.



APPROVED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 20)

He told me that he could not finally fix me up that evening and that he could return next morning. In consequence we spent the night in the cell, a room which would be for three years. That time was a shock to me. I had been used to understand that the period of imprisonment was for three years. Now five extra years in a matter like that was not sound much. But meanwhile I happened to run into an ex-legionnaire and also an English journalist who knew a good deal about La Grande Maison. They told me that extra four or five years sound like a life sentence. In fact it takes any term of service in the Legion sound as if a spell at Dartmoor prison would

Buy Double-M
made from prize

PRIZE CROP TOBACCO
make

ellow Old Golds,
crop tobaccos.

P. Love

E

P. S. That "Double-Money-Bac

ECOS
them

Double

fresh cigarettes; as f
in the nest or the m
illard Comp
established 1760
" offer still holds good. It's open for
le-Mellow!

fresh as the egg
milk in the pail.

UTER JACKET OF
CELLOPHANE"
... from the Bottom



E "CELLOPHANE"
keep them *Fall*

© 1935, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain: Rights Reserved

OPEN THIS LITTLE CAN,
LUCINDA, AND MAKE US SOME
FRESH FRUIT ICE CREAM!

IT'S DE HEAT! PORE
LI'L LAMB... SHE
DONE GONE CRAZY!

Jack Benny

& MARY LIVINGSTONE
SHOW THE COOK
A LITTLE MAGIC!



It's Here... AND IT'S THRILLING!



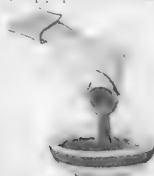
EVERY ONE'S AGOG over these magic "freezing syrups"—full of morsels of actual fruits, cut up in their own juices—or rich chocolate, satiny smooth—or vanilla, the real thing in an amber syrup! All ready to use... they're sealed in cans!

To make ice cream that is a sensation to eat, simply open a can of this new

Jell-O Freezing Mix, add milk and whipped cream—and freeze! Stir just once during freezing—a newly perfected freezing ingredient keeps it extra smooth and velvety.

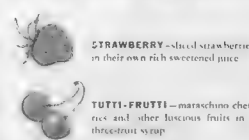
Yes, housewives know at your grocery store, the Jell-O Freezing Mix is the newest and best ice cream that ever came out of a refrigerator tray!

A PROUD "U. S. GENERAL FOODS" TUNE IN EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT Hear the Jell-O Summer Radio Show! Sponsored by Jell-O, General Foods, Schenck, M. W. D. & Co., Inc., New York City, N. Y. A. W. R. A. National Wide Radio



JELL-O FREEZING MIX FOR USE WITH MILK & CREAM IN MAKING ICE CREAM

"NEW FREEZING SYRUPS"...FULL OF REAL FRUIT
OR RICH WITH "HOME-MADE" FLAVORS...5 GORGEOUS KINDS



STRAWBERRY—sweet strawberries in their own rich sweetened juice

TUTTI-FRUTTI—maraschino cherries and other luscious fruits in a three-fruit syrup



ORANGE-PINEAPPLE—crushed oranges and shredded pineapple in orange-pineapple syrup



CHOCOLATE—deep-flavored chocolate, cooked until it's smooth and thick as a fondue sauce



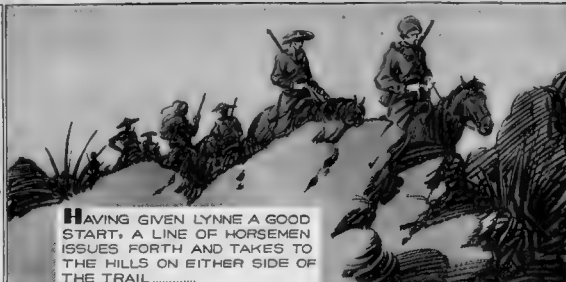
VANILLA—rich amber-toned vanilla syrup—real vanilla

AT ALL GROCERS

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

Registered U. S. Patent Office

DEREK BLUGER HAS PLANNED A TRAP FOR JUNGLE JIM. LYNNE CHALMERS IS GAGGED AND BOUND ON A HORSE. THE HORSE THEN GALLOPS FORTH FROM BLUGER'S CAMP.



HAVING GIVEN LYNNE A GOOD START, A LINE OF HORSEMEN ISSUES FORTH AND TAKES TO THE HILLS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TRAIL.

BUT, SUPERIOR ONE, WHAT IF JUNGLE JIM DOESN'T SEE MISSY CHALMERS?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE, LIN PU. OUR MEN HAVE MUFFLED THEIR HORSES' HOOF. MISS CHALMERS' HORSE MAKES PLENTY OF NOISE... ENOUGH TO ATTRACT JUNGLE JIM'S ATTENTION



BLUGER VIEWS HIS STRATEGY FROM AN OBSERVATION TOWER

LATER

JIM AND KOLU, WORKING TOWARD BLUGER'S FORTIFIED CAMP, SPOT LYNNE'S TIRED HORSE



KOLU, IT'S A WHITE GIRL! BOUND AND GAGGED! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

AS JIM AND KOLU LEAVE THEIR HIDING-PLACE, ONE OF BLUGER'S MEN SIGNALS FOR THE CHARGE!



NEXT WEEK

CAPTIVES!

7-26

Flash Gordon

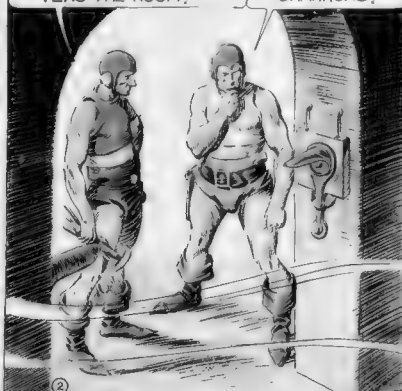
PLUTON DECIDES TO USE THE CAPTIVE, ZARKOV, TO BAIT A TRAP FOR FLASH!

IF WE DON'T CATCH HIM, YOUR FRIEND, FLASH, WILL TRY TO RESCUE YOU... AND YOU WON'T TELL HIM HE'S WALKING INTO A TRAP EITHER!



WHEN THE SWITCH IS ON, THE INVISIBLE RAYS WILL DESTROY WHOEVER ENTERS THE ROOM!

GOOD! NOW FILL THE HALLS WITH MAN-EATING SHARKONS!



FLASH, HIDING IN THE UNDERSEA ARSENAL, PREPARES TO RESCUE ZARKOV.....

DON'T GO YET, DARLING WE'VE ONLY HAD A MINUTE TOGETHER... AND YOU MAY GET KILLED!

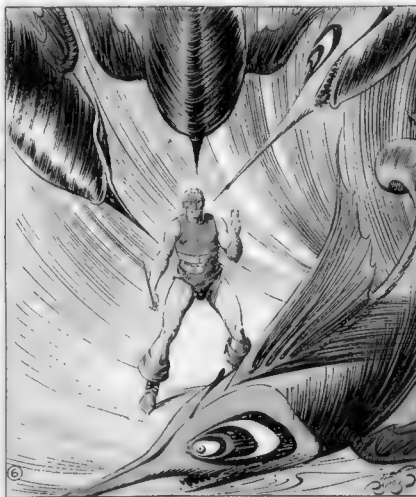
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DALE... BUT I CAN'T DESERT POOR ZARKOV!



I'LL BE BACK, DARLING... KEEP THIS DOOR BARRED!



A SIXTH SENSE WARNS FLASH, AS THE SHARKON ATTACKS!



THE SCENT OF BLOOD BRINGS THE OTHER SHARKONS!

NEXT WEEK:

SPRINGING THE TRAP

THE COMIC WEEKLY

BOSTON ADVERTISER

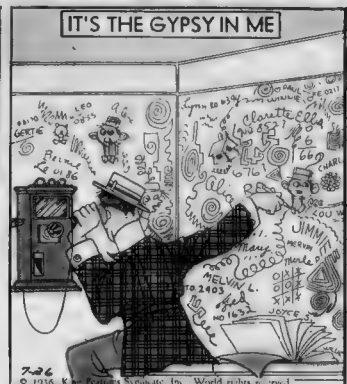
SECTION
OF THE

Sunday, July 26, 1936

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STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

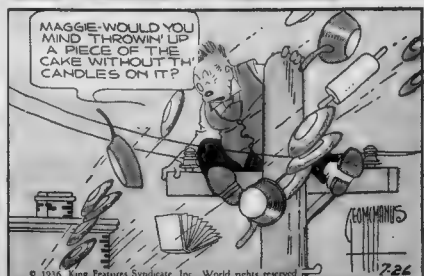
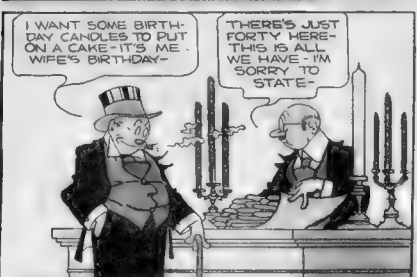


**Rosie's
BEAU**
BY
GEO. McMANUS
Registered U. S. Patent Office



Bringing Up Father

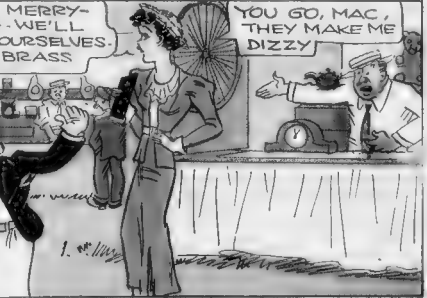
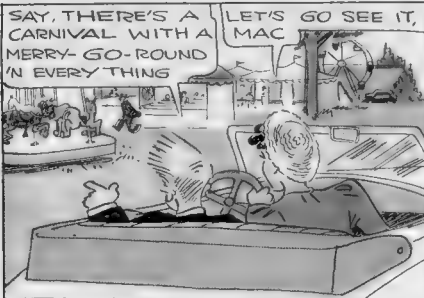
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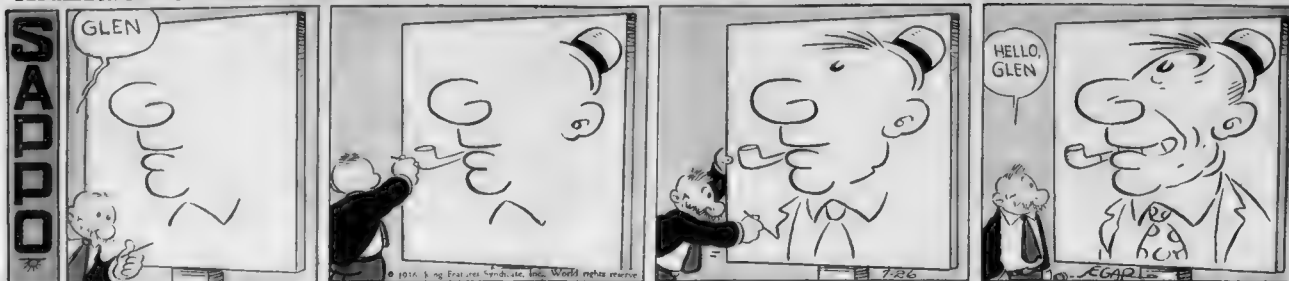


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Tillie the Toiler

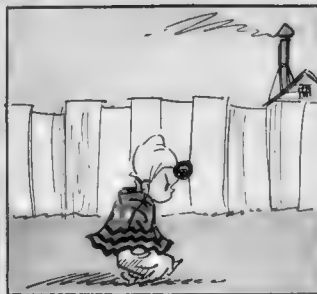
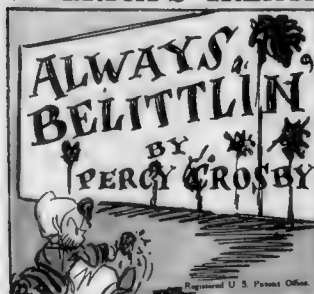




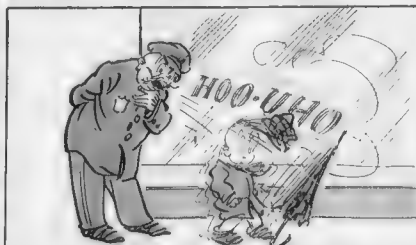
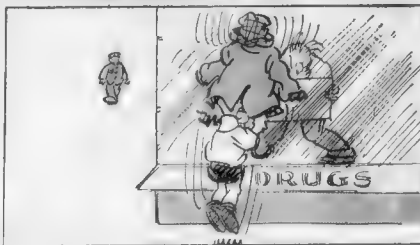
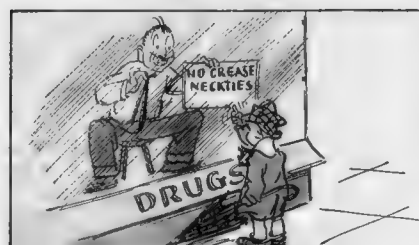
Thimble Theatre



You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN



Skippy



SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!
by JIMMY MURPHY
Expanded U. S. Patent Office

MAMA, YOU'RE LOSIN' THAT BUTTON ON YOUR COAT-- IT LOOKS TACKY!

GO INTO THAT SHOP AND HAVE IT SEWED ON--

ALL RIGHT, BUT NOBODY WOULD NOTICE IT!

HERE BY REQUEST IS A NEW CUT-OUT OF UNCLE ABNER.

UNCLE ABNER JIMMY MURPHY

WHAT'S TAKING HER SO LONG?

OH, PAPA! LOOK AT THE GORGEOUS COAT I BOUGHT IN THERE!

IT WAS ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE-- I ONLY PAID \$136.00 FOR IT!

--AND I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE COAT IF YOU HADN'T SENT ME IN ABOUT THAT BUTTON--

Toots and Casper

CASPER IS THRILLED THESE DAYS BECAUSE HIS MILLIONAIRE EMPLOYER, BENJAMIN PLUNKER, IS NOW HIS HOUSE-GUEST.

YOUR BOSS IS SO EASY TO GET ALONG WITH, CASPER--HE'S PERFECTLY CHARMING--

THIS IS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO GET WELL ACQUAINTED WITH HIM, TOOTS!

YOU'VE MADE A BIG HIT WITH HIM-- I OVER-HEARD HIM TELL HIS LAWYER ON THE PHONE THAT HE MAY SOON MAKE YOU THE GENERAL-MANAGER-- SH-H-H-H--

HONEST, TOOTS?

SH-H-H--AND HE ALSO TOLD THE LAWYER HE WANTS TO MAKE A CHANGE IN HIS WILL-- SH-H-H--

GEE, MAYBE WE'RE COMING IN FOR A SLICE OF HIS DOUGH-- SH-- I HEAR HIM STIRRIN'--

WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU A PARTY, MR. PLUNKER-- IS THERE ANYONE YOU'D LIKE TO INVITE?

MY DEAR CHILDREN-- JUST BEING WITH YOU IS PARTY ENOUGH FOR ME!

I'M ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD NOW, AND IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO SORT OF IMAGINE THAT YOU TWO ARE MY CHILDREN-- I TAKE A FATHERLY INTEREST IN BOTH OF YOU--

WE LIKE YOU, TOO, BOSS!

COME, CASPER! LET'S DROP IN AT OUR OFFICES FOR A FEW MOMENTS!

GEE, I'M SURE PROUD TO BE SEEN WALKING WITH YOU, SIR--

CASPER WON'T EVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIS JOB AGAIN-- HE'S MADE--AND HE DESERVES IT!

GETTING BACK TO THE PARTY FOR THE BOSS-- IT'LL BE THE SWANKIEST AFFAIR WE EVER GAVE-- EVERYBODY HAS BEEN INVITED, BUT I NEED ONE MORE GIRL TO MAKE IT EVEN--

WHO'LL I ASK? OH, I KNOW-- STELLA CLINKER!

I DESPISE STELLA, BUT THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GIVE HER AN EYEFUL-- SHE THINKS SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GIVE NICE PARTIES AND HAVE PROMINENT PEOPLE-- HA! I'LL SHOW HER--

STELLA, I'M GIVING A PARTY A WEEK FROM TODAY-- CAN YOU COME?

NO, I'M SORRY-- WAIT--ER-- SURE, I'LL BE GLAD TO COME!

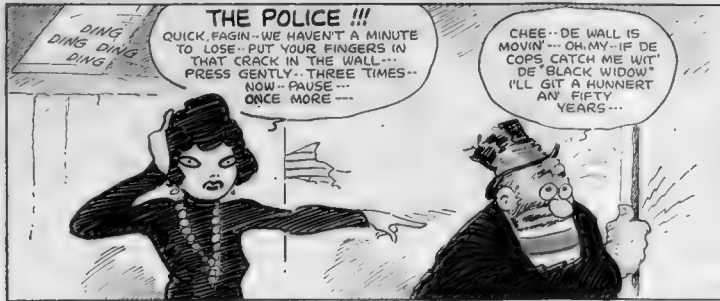
THE HUSSY-- I'LL HAVE HER THIS ONCE JUST TO SHOW HER WHAT A NICE PARTY I CAN GIVE, AND THEN I'LL NEVER INVITE HER AGAIN--

I LOATHE TOOTS AND CASPER! THE ONLY REASON I ACCEPTED IS BECAUSE I WANTA TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE CASPER'S BROTHER IS-- I STILL LIKE HIM--

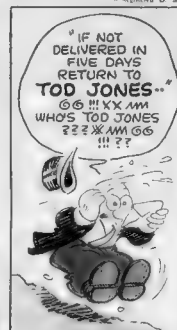
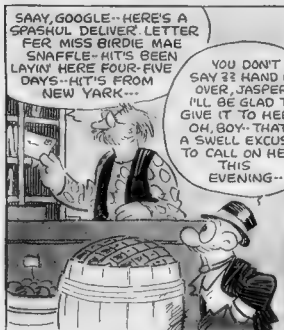
JIMMY MURPHY

LOOK OUT, TOOTS! YOU'RE TAKING CHANCES! WHERE STELLA GOES TROUBLE USUALLY FOLLOWS!

7-26. CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Barney Google



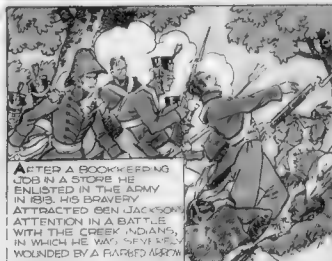
HEROES of AMERICAN HISTORY



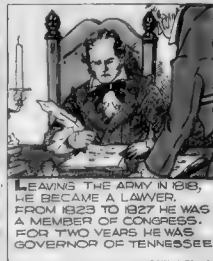
SAMUEL HOUSTON
WAS BORN NEAR
LEXINGTON, VA.,
MARCH 2, 1793.
HE WAS YOUNG
WHEN HE LOST
HIS FATHER.
WITH HIS MOTHER
HE MOVED TO
THE THEN BORDER
OF THE TENNESSEE
RIVER.



THERE HE GREW UP AS A
WILD YOUTH, ASSOCIATING
WITH THE YOUNG SAVAGES
OF THE WILDERNESS.
THE CHEROKEE INDIANS
ADOPTED HIM



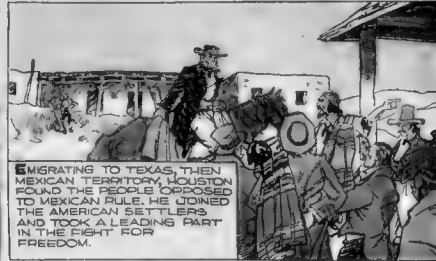
AFTER A BOOKKEEPING
JOB IN A STORE HE
ENLISTED IN THE ARMY
IN 1813. HIS BRAVERY
ATTRACTED GEN JACKSON'S
ATTENTION IN A BATTLE
WITH THE CREEK INDIANS,
IN WHICH HE WAS SEVERELY
WOUNDED BY A FURIOUS ARROW



LEAVING THE ARMY IN 1815,
HE BECAME A LAWYER.
FROM 1823 TO 1827 HE WAS
A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.
FOR TWO YEARS HE WAS
GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE



LATER HE LEFT
CIVILIZATION AND
JOINED HIS CHEROKEE
INDIAN FRIENDS.
ADOPTING INDIAN
DRESS HE LIVED
FOR THREE YEARS
WITH THIS TRIBE



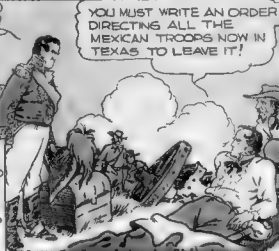
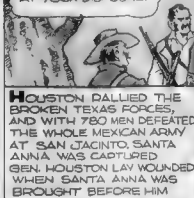
EMIGRATING TO TEXAS, THEN
MEXICAN TERRITORY, HOUSTON
FOUNDED THE PEOPLE OPPOSED
TO MEXICAN RULE. HE JOINED
THE AMERICAN SETTLERS
AND TOOK A LEADING PART
IN THE FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM.

THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT,
GEN. SANTA ANNA,
DECIDING TO BREAK
THE FREE UNION,
INVADED TEXAS.
HIS TRIAL WAS
MARKED BY GUILTY
AND TREACHERY.
ON MARCH 6, 1836,
THE ALAMO, IN
SAN ANTONIO,
WITH A GARRISON
OF 133 MEN, WAS
SURROUNDED BY
4,000 MEXICANS.
AFTER A VALIANT
DEFENSE THE FORT
WAS TAKEN AND ITS
HEROIC DEFENDERS
MASSACRED

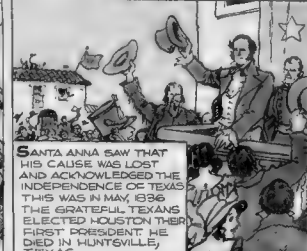


7-26

I AM GENERAL ANTONIO
LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA--
A PRISONER OF WAR
AT YOUR DISPOSAL.



YOU MUST WRITE AN ORDER
DIRECTING ALL THE
MEXICAN TROOPS NOW IN
TEXAS TO LEAVE IT!



SANTA ANNA SAW THAT
HIS CAUSE WAS LOST
AND ACKNOWLEDGED THE
INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS.
THIS WAS IN MAY, 1836.
THE GRATEFUL TEXANS
ELECTED HOUSTON THEIR
FIRST PRESIDENT. HE
DIED IN HUNTSVILLE,
TEXAS

Room and Board

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Gene Ahern



ALF, WOULD
YOU KINDLY
LOAN ME A
COUPLE OF
DOLLARS?

IM AS BROKE
AS A GREEK
STATUE, JUDGE



UM--I WONDER IF
I CAN GET A FEW
DOLLARS ON THIS AT
THE PAWN
SHOP?



HI, JUDGE I-
RIP US OFF-
A CHUNK
OB SVING
MUSIC!

SAY, SHUFFLE,
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BUY--NO-
HE
HASNT A CENT



SOL, WILL
YOU LOAN
ME \$5
ON THIS
VERY
FINE...

NEH--A NICKEL
I VOULDN'T
GIF!



LOOK! I HAF EVERYTHING
BUT A PIPE ORGAN
BUT DONT BRING
ONE IN!



BUT, SOL, LISTEN
TO ITS TONE!--THIS
BANJO ORIGINALLY
BELONGED TO
"OLD BLACK
JOE!"

HM--WAIT
A MINUTE!



NOW LET'S
DO "FINNEGANS
WEDDING!"

ANYTHING YOU
SAY, JUDGE!



SUPPER
IS READY,
SOL!

UM--M



AFTER SUPPER,
JUDGE, WE PLAY
SOME MORE, YES?

YES, SOL, AND
NEXT WEEK WE'LL
WIN THE \$50-PRIZE
ON THE RADIO
AMATEUR
HOUR!

7-26



Tim Tyler's Luck



Little Annie Rooney

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Brandon Walsh



AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



**LOVELY
BUT
LONELY**

UNTIL HER DENTIST
TOLD HER WHY . . .



ALYCE ASKS HER DENTIST

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE **COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM**. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE THIS **COLGATE'S** MAKES! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH BEFORE - AND NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

ONE MONTH LATER - NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

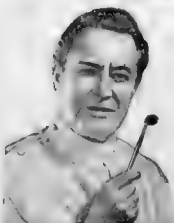
... AND WE'RE SPENDING OUR HONEYMOON ON ROY'S YACHT

LUCKY YOU!

THAT YOU TOOK MY T.I.P. ON COLGATE'S!

Dentists warn: Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Read How Colgate Dental Cream Protects You!



WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—success—happiness? It's so simple to be safe when you realize that the most common cause of bad breath is improperly cleaned teeth!

Dental authorities point out that decaying food deposits, lodged in the hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to remove these deposits. Use Colgate Dental Cream. It has a special pen-

etrating foam that gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away the food and acid deposits that cause bad breath.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums and tongue at least twice daily with Colgate Dental Cream and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath! If not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund **TWICE** what you paid.



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

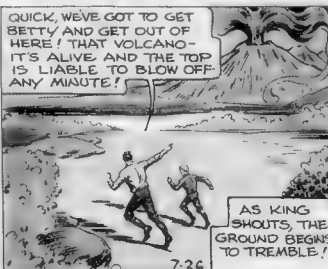
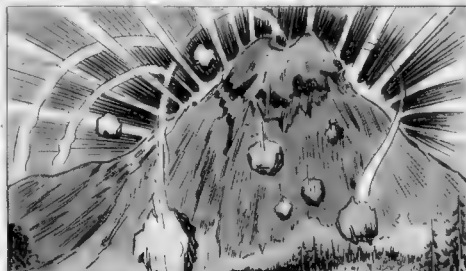
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF JARVIS AND HALL, KING THINKS HE SHOULD RETURN TO VANCOUVER TO APPOINT A RELIABLE MAN TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE BLAKE AFFAIRS—



I DO HOPE THAT AT LAST KING WILL GET THE REST HE CERTAINLY DESERVES



BUT INSTEAD, KING FINDS HIMSELF LANDING BETTY AND KID ON THE COAST OF KUNGCHAK ISLAND, FAR OUT IN THE LONELY ALEUTIAN CHAIN



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED



DO WE HAVE TO ASK PAUL— HE LOOKS SO TERRIBLE

THE GIRLS WERE GIVING PAUL THE "GO-BY" UNTIL—



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES PUT A STOP TO YOUR GOOD TIMES

YOUNG PEOPLE are often plagued by unsightly pimples after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer. Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin, in particular, gets highly sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and cause pimples to break out!

A good way to get rid of a pimply skin is to eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

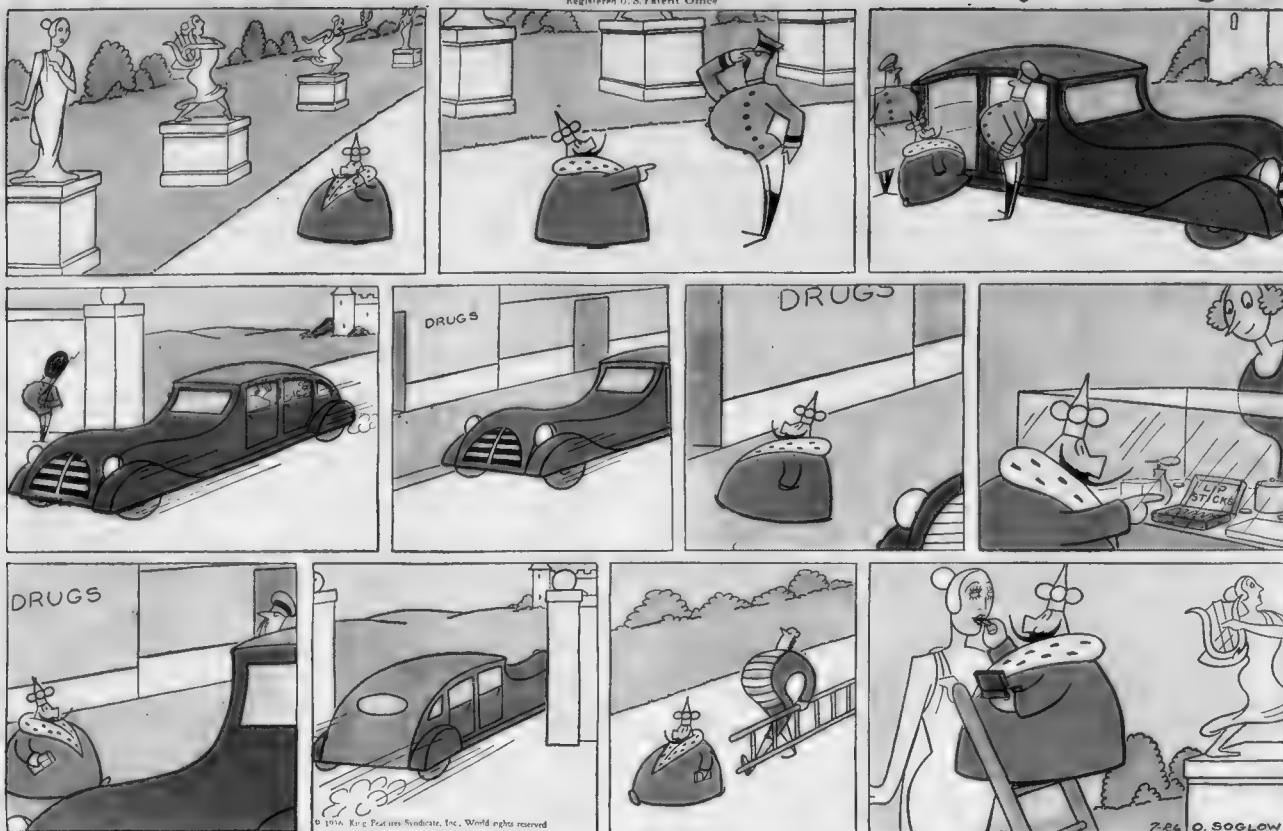
Eat 3 cakes regularly every day—a cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is clear and smooth again. Start today.

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

The Little King

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Otto Soglow



SAY, FOLKS!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WAIT TILL NEXT SUNDAY
TO SEE US AGAIN....

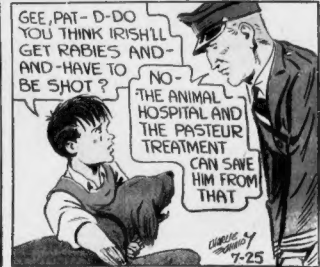
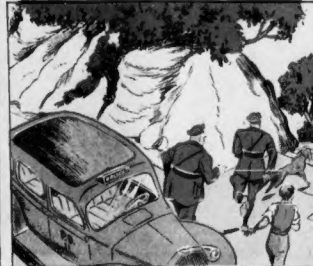
Famous Comics Appear On WEEK-DAYS Too

Enjoy your favorite comics
TOMORROW and EVERY
WEEK-DAY . . . just as you
do on Sunday. Make EVERY
DAY a Laugh Day. Tomorrow
invite Popeye to call at your
house . . . and Jiggs and Maggie,

Skippy, Little Annie Rooney,
Joe Palooka, Secret Agent X-9,
Tim Tyler, Red Barry, Man-
drake the Magician, Blondie,
Polly and Her Pals, and all the
rest of your Friends of Fun
Land.

If you like the Boston Sunday Advertiser, you will also
like the Boston American on week-days. Arrange for car-
rier delivery to your home every week-day evening and
Sunday morning.

Radio PATROL
by
EDDIE SULLIVAN
and
CHARLIE SCHMIDT
Registered U. S. Patent Office



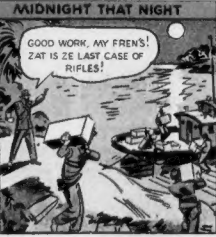
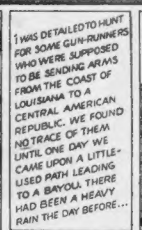
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR POST TOASTIES

THE TRAIL OF THE GUN-RUNNERS

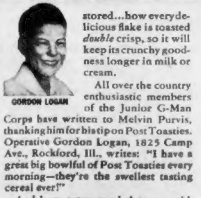
AN INSIDE STORY OF MELVIN PURVIS
AMERICA'S NO.1 G-MAN



MELVIN PURVIS, the young lawyer who became America's ace G-Man, who directed the capture of Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, and many other public enemies. Mr. Purvis reveals here methods used in capturing criminals. Names have, of course, been changed. This inside story is published as proof that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



TAKE MELVIN PURVIS' ADVICE ... HAVE ME FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING!



If those golden-brown Post Toasties could talk... they'd tell you why they're so good that folks everywhere call them "The Better Corn Flakes". They'd tell you how they are made - from the sweet, tender little hearts of the corn, where most of the flavor is

stored... how every delicious flake is toasted double crisp, so it will keep its crunchy goodness longer in milk or cream. All over the country enthusiastic members of the Junior G-Man Corps have written to Melvin Purvis, thanking him for his tip on Post Toasties. Operative Gordon Logan, 1623 Camp Ave., Rockford, Ill., writes: "I have a great big bowlful of Post Toasties every morning - they're the sweetest tasting cereal ever!" And how extra good they are with the luscious, juicy fruits that are in season now! You'll like them for luncheon, too! Ask Mother to get your Post Toasties now - the price is low. And join the Junior G-Man Corps! A POST GENERAL - MADE BY GENERAL FOODS

BOYS AND GIRLS! JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MAN CORPS!
I'LL SEND YOU FREE MY OFFICIAL JUNIOR G-MAN BADGE... PUT YOUR NAME ON THE SECRET ROLL... AND SEND YOU MY BIG EXCITING BOOK THAT TELLS ALL ABOUT CLUES, SECRET CODES, SELF DEFENSE, INVISIBLE WRITING... SECRETS EVERY JUNIOR G-MAN OUGHT TO KNOW... INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO BECOME A ROVING OPERATIVE AND EVEN CHIEF OPERATIVE! ALSO MY BIG CATALOG TELLING BOYS AND GIRLS HOW TO GET OTHER FREE PRIZES! SEND THE COUPON NOW!

GET THESE OTHER SWELL PRIZES
(Catalog tells how to get them)
INVISIBLE WRITING OUTFIT AND COB-A-GRAP. (Shown in cartoon above.) Cob-a-grap enables you to make up your own code! Free for 2 Post Toasties package tops.
OFFICIAL KEY RING. Holds 20 or more keys. Leather strap 5 inches long, with snap. Free for 2 package tops.
AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF MELVIN PURVIS. Suitable for framing. Free for 2 Post Toasties package tops.



NAME _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____
Offer expires December 31, 1936. Good only in U.S.A.

RED BARRY

Mystery of THE SILVER SKULL !!

AFTER A VISIT TO THE TICKET AGENT, RED IS CONVINCED THAT ANSON BLEEK'S "ACCIDENTAL DEATH" WAS PREMEDITATED !!

WHY ?

LATER THAT NIGHT, WHILE SEARCHING FOR CLUES IN THE "LAB," A SILHOUETTED FIGURE FIRES AT THE UNDER-COVER MAN.



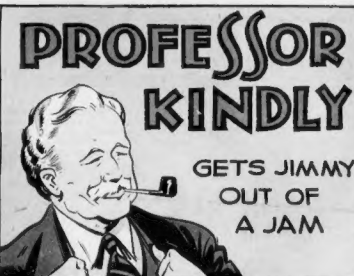
THE NEXT DAY, AN INDIGNANT MR. REYNARD, ALIAS "COUNT" RINALDI, PROTESTS TO INSPECTOR SCOTT...



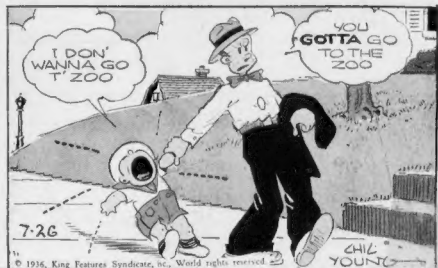
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, VAL ? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING ON ANOTHER HUNTING TRIP JUST WHEN I NEED YOU !! ?



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT
Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children from babyhood to 11 years and on for adults. Contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Won't gripe!



AN ADVERTISEMENT BY THE LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

How Rosalie found a fascinating new world



Do as New York Models do, use LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Super-fine cleansing and polishing agents give brilliance and luster yet never damage precious enamel

Nowhere in the world are teeth under the merciless scrutiny that they are before the camera in great New York commercial studios. No class of people must choose their tooth paste more carefully than the professional models. Without perfect teeth, not one model in ten has a chance of success.

It is no surprise that famous New York models choose Listerine Tooth Paste. They have found that it does not harm precious enamel. They realize that its ingredients are super-fine in their character, and amazingly gentle in action, yet give marvelous cleanliness and brilliant luster.

Why don't you, too, try Listerine Tooth Paste? See what an improvement it makes in your teeth in a few weeks. And right now is the time to try it. See the interesting bargain offer to the right. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Piquant SALLY BYNUM, favorite New York model, says:



"I use LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE because it is so safe, so pleasant and effective."

SUMMER'S BEST BARGAIN
MOIRE VACATION KIT
RUBBER LINED--GLIDER LOCK--CHOICE OF COLORS
AND 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH
CHOICE OF TUFTED OR OVAL TYPE

ALL 3 FOR 49¢



AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST
This offer good in U. S. A. only

DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG —BY KNERR—

Registered U S Patent Office



The Katzenjammer Kids

CONTINUED

